

DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS



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RION HALL

DRAMATIC WORKS

of

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS

Edited by

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and

VIRGINIA LUCAS

With a Critical Introduction by

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University of Virginia Edition



RICHARD G. BADGER

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DEDICATED

To the Memory of

JOHN YATES BEALL

“So do these chains give out a melody
Athwart my life, that soothes me, when
I think
Upon the CAUSE for which I suffer them.”

INTRODUCTION

IT was the fortune of Judge Lucas to view the war between the States from somewhat novel angles. As a life-long resident of that portion of Virginia which suffered more than most others during the strife and which had afterward to endure the further permanent distress of political alienation, it was natural for him to envisage the war as a Colossus, all-embracing, all-consuming, and heroic, dwarfing the common purposes of life and exalting for ever certain generous unrealities. It is this attitude of mind—that of the representative Virginian of the Sixties—which inspires many of his finest lyrics, an attitude never accompanied in his case by short-sightedness or bigotry, yet instinct always with devotion to the One Cause.

The physical disability, however, which prevented Mr. Lucas from following steadily the banners of one regiment, left him free to serve his state and comrades in even more picturesque fashion. It led him to carry his zeal through interesting backwaters of the struggle, where the clash of cause with cause, though always audible, no longer filled the whole consciousness; where comparative aloofness made it possible to observe against the background of war the single individual in his private career of love, adventure, or intrigue. In such observation lay the genesis of Mr. Lucas's plays. As memorials of the war they have real interest, the interest attaching to

the record of a very keen and fortunately-placed eye-witness; but the lights they throw are side-lights, discovering small isolated groups of men and women whose individual lives and characters are not obscured, but rather the more strikingly silhouetted against the cloud of distant war.

The manifold romantic incidents of blockade-running, the bleak but stirring experiences of prison-escape and Canadian exile, the rude emergence of primitive instincts of law and right amid the trebly fratricidal anarchy of the western border states, were all familiar to the poet. From them he has taken both the setting and the atmosphere of his three plays; and in his presentation of the types and facts involved he shows often an impartiality of political judgment rather surprising in so ardent an adherent.

Readers, fortunate enough to remember Judge Lucas from actual association, will doubtless feel the impress of his rare mind and personality less in the handling of plot and incident, clever as these sometimes are, than in the lofty poetry of many speeches and in the comic matter which he has introduced with a luxuriance and variety almost Elizabethan. Though ranging from incisive satire of martial-law jurisprudence and empirical political economy to mere purposeless cascades of frothing pun and repartee, there is hardly a line of comedy which seems to have come slowly from the author's pen. Even when most

fantastic, it is hardly less spontaneous or more brilliant than was his table talk.

Though Judge Lucas's most permanent contribution as a poet will doubtless be found, where he would himself have indicated it, in his lyrics of patriotism and sentiment, the poetic distinction of his plays is quite indisputable. The use of blank verse is never with him, as it has so often been with closet dramatists, a mere presumptuous affectation or a garish cloak to cover the writer's incapacity for realistic dialogue. In few of his metrical scenes does he descend even temporarily to the emotional level of prose. In many passages the reader will be struck by his high power and eloquence in describing natural beauty or voicing exalted sentiment.

The most memorable single figure in the plays is perhaps Hildebrand, a curious analogue and reversal of the "Sturm und Drang" heroes of *GÖTZ VON BERLICHINGEN* and *THE ROBBERS*, waging desperate war against society, not like the characters of Goethe and Schiller, in vindication of individual right against the corruptions of a too self-centred and peace-loving community, but, paradoxically, in defence of the right to abstain from civil war! Two short extracts from Hildebrand's speeches illustrate both Mr. Lucas's metrical power and the force with which he can put an argument clearly not his own:

“My loyalty! I’m loyal to a fault!
More so than they who drench our land in blood!
Good sooth! the Northern hordes are loyal, are
they—

Blazing their way by light of peaceful homes!
And you are loyal, as your leaders are,
Who forced this issue on the unwilling mass,
By firing first, without sufficient cause!
Both loyal! all are loyal! save the few
Who stand with folded arms and naked breasts,
And say: we will not dip our hands in blood;
We will not slay our brethren, but will feed,
Will clothe them all—attend the sick—will watch,
Will pray—and while we have, divide our bread,
And share with all alike!”

(Act I, Scene I.)

“We dwelt here mountaineers,
Far from the caldron party-spirit boils—
Free as our crystal springs or atmosphere;
We loved the Union, and our State no less,
We saw no cause for war, and made no outcry;
We had few slaves, nor cared to fight for them,
Yet knew no right to challenge those who owned.
We were for peace and all that made for it.”

(Act, I Scene IV.)

The distinctive Southern attitude toward States’ Rights finds expression in yet more poetic language in Carter Bland’s fine last speech

(KATE McDONALD, Act IV, Scene II), which, in Bland's plea for his associate, Pennington gives an instance also of the author's power of vivid and condensed description:—

“I found him in his pupil's gown at school,
All full of puns and crudities of speech,
And such pedantic show of pretty words,
As students half articulate in speech
Stake all their reputation on when young.
I fired his fancy with my hopes and aims,
I led him from the paths of light and law—
The porch and grove of old philosophy—
The lecture bench and notes of scholiasts—
The heights which science like a star illumines—
To take a share with me in dangerous venture.”

The same high mastery of felicitous detail and phrase appear in Hildebrand's description of his sentinel, the eagle (Act II, Scene I), in the exquisite songs of THE MAID OF NORTHUMBERLAND, and in the picture of the evening on which Beall's attempt upon the prison of Johnson's Island miscarried—an issue momentous in the life of the poet:—

“The eve rose beautifully bright;
The Northern twilight bound the day to night
With bridge of gold, reflecting either shore;
Later, the evening-star arose, and soon

A shower of arrows, silver-tipped fell down
From out the horned quiver of the moon;
The Aurora flung great streams of milky light
Athwart the glory of the Northern sky;
Proud Sirius blazed, Orion answered him;
While sinking in the South, the Warrior waved
His sword of fire, and girt his golden belt!
Then Beall, the lion-hearted, neared the Isle,
And waited for the signals to ascend—
But none disturbed the temper of the night.”

(KATE McDONALD, Act I, Scene II).

C. F. TUCKER BROOKE.

Yale University, January, 1913.

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THE MAID OF NORTHUMBERLAND

To
HENRY KYD DOUGLAS

OF MARYLAND

Affectionately inscribed as a token of the
Author's Friendship, and Appreciation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Clarence Fauntleroy, The Blockade-Runner, (in love with Mima.)

Fairfax Lamoir.....His Partner

Randal Glaive.....An Adventurer

Sergeant Johnson.....Randal in disguise

Rev. Felix Moss.....Same in disguise

Caspar Queen.....The Tollkeeper

CALEB JONES.....A Financier

Jesse Otter (Uncle Jess).....Colored

Col. Matthews..Officer in the Confederate Army

Lieut. Field.....His Adjutant

Ralph Simpson, Secret Agent of the Conscription Bureau

Captain Bain, Master in the Navy (attached to Signal Corps)

Capt. Coke,.....Judge Advocate

Members of Court Martial, 'Longshoremen, Orderly, Citizens, Soldiers, Guard, etc.

Mima Queen.....Tollkeeper's Daughter.

SCENE—Northumberland, Virginia, opposite Tangier Island, except Scene I, Act V., which is in New Kent.

THE MAID OF NORTHUMBERLAND

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Coast of Northumberland, opposite
Tangier Island.*

*Enter Fairfax Lamoir, Randal Glaive, and three
'Longshoremen, disembarking from the "Wild
Duck."*

Fairfax.

Thank God, on shore at last!

Randal.

Thank God on shore!

1st 'Longshoreman.

Did I not say what Tangier Sound was, mates?
I pinto to the Light'ouse—showed just where
The Backbone split the water to Sou' West,
And warned all hands agin the venture—said
I knowed we'd never make the mainland safe.

Fairfax.

But you proved wrong, my friend—we're safe at
last,

And though the peril was more imminent
Than we foresaw, yet want of skill in us
Proved more in value than your prescience;
For had we known to read the clouds like you,
And seen them lettered with the coming storm,
Our courage might not have endured the risk,
To leave the Island, and beyond all doubt

The ship we saw, and gave the slip to her,
Ere this had captured us.

Randal.

If forty ships,
Blackmouthed with more than forty hundred
guns,
Were steering toward the Isle, and I on her,
The fear of certain death by staying there,
Could not give me the heart and nerve again
To put that half-inch plank between my life
And my perdition!

'Longshoremen.

No, nor oun, Captain!

Fairfax.

All's well that ends well! and therefore adieu
To vague surmise of wat'ry grave, since we
Have safely rode the storm at last. Now who
Can tell what coast this is we've chanced upon?

Randal.

Virginia certain; but for what degree
Of latitude—what inlet, or what county,
I cannot certify.

3d 'Longshoreman.

Northumberland:

Behold upon the South, Old Bluff holds up
His signal head, while Windmill answers him
Still furdur out; they are in Lancaster;
Now draw your lines between them two and us,
Then split the fork exact, you hit Stingray
In Middlesex; and here's Northumberland.

2d 'Longshoreman.

This hyuh's Northumberland, that's certain.

Fairfax.

Right!

I do begin to recognize the coast,
Well known to me as faces of my friends,
And no less dear than known.

To other thanks which I owe God for shelter,
Must now be added that our haven proves
Just where my carrier wishes mailed my thoughts.
Good men and true—brave partners of our peril—
I must reward you amply for this service,
Beyond the hire we did contract.

[Gives the 'Shoreman gold.]

And Randal,

If you're for Richmond, on with me, for I
Know now my bearings, and can give you chart,
Although my journey ends upon this coast.
But first, assist me disembark my box,
And lend an arm to carry for a space;
For mind, it is not safe to linger here;
This region swarms with straggling partisans,
Who make no scruple of your purse or life.

[R. and F. disembark, carrying the Box.]

And, 'Shoremen, you had better row from hence,
And seek some shelter less exposed to view.

'Longshoremen.

We'll hug the shore, and haul up out of sight.

[The 'Longshoremen shove off. Fairfax and
Randal exeunt.]

SCENE II

*A high promontory overleaning the Bay; a bit of
sea is visible on the right, and an old ruin not distant
on the left.*

[Enter Fairfax and Randal bearing the box. Scen-
ic effect picturesque.]

Fairfax.

Now from this point, we see the coast is clear;
Before we farther push our journey North,

This box must have from me concealing care—
I fear to venture farther on with it:

[*They set down the box.*]

Tonight I will return and take it with me;
You must assist me in the present burial,
And for your friendly offices, hereafter,
You may command me if your need require.

Randal.

I will pass on.

Fairfax.

Nay stay; double my strength:
For I need expedition in my cause,
Lest some surprise o'ertake and ruin me.

[*They dig with sharpened stakes.*]

Were all graves so enfurnished as this,
I'd be a resurrectionist by trade.

Randal.

And I'd contract for Gabriel's office,
Ere every grave gave up its buried corpse.

Fairfax.

You would not be afraid of ghosts?

Randal.

Not I!

The ghosts that gold and silver can not lay
Are far too thin for danger, night or day.
[*Aside.*] And this I'll prove, ere he have time to
pray!

Fairfax.

Is it not deep enough?

Randal.

Not quite, I think;
A horse's hoof might penetrate the sand.

Fairfax.

Hold there! I've broke my stake!

Randal.

No matter—

There lies a paddle; heave away the sand;
I'll rest awhile and survey up the beach—

[*Randal retires a short distance and sits down.*]

[*Aside*] 'Tis rare that opportunity so tempts
A man, by laying treasures at his feet;
The fool himself invites me to the deed,
Gives vent to what I've smothered in my breast,
And bids my buried purpose germinate;
'Tis wartime, and adventure in the wind;
The crop of man is overgrown; let live
The fittest to survive and thrall the rest!
The thirsty earth, when drinking one spring more
Of human life, accounts it as a thing
Of no more value than her flinty sand,
That swallows it, and seems to cry for more!
For God, supposing there should be a God,
Has wound the world up for the century,
And gone to sleep, or fallen from his throne;
And so, in humor with the blood-stained time,
I'll close on fortune ere she close on me:
My resolution falters now no more!
The deed must follow, where Temptation goes
before!

Fairfax.

Are we still unobserved, and unapproached?
I think now we have depth enough: help here,
And we'll lift in the box.

[*They lift it in; Uncle Jess passes between them
and the ruin unobserved.*]

Randal.

So, so: 'tis in:

Now shovel in the sand, and smoothly turn:
Then yonder stone with our joint strength we'll
heave

Upon the grave, to mark for you alone
Where rests your treasury.

[*They roll a large stone upon the spot.*]

Fairfax.

Child of my labor, and of perils born—
Crusogenia of my toil lie there!
No curious worm shall batten on thy form,
For when his tooth shall strike in solid gold,
He'll rail against the cheat, as fraudulent,
And cry for legal tender—say gold is but
Commodity—no measure for good faith
To liquidate the debt of Nature with:
And that her broker worms, whose bargains call
For regiments of merchantable men,
Will none of it but will protest the contracts,
And so dissolve their syndicate!

Randal.

Mark some device upon the stone,
Not too distinct, but yet discernible,
That you may note it, when none other shall.

[*Fairfax engages himself in marking the stone
with his sailor's knife.*]

Fairfax.

There now, I've chiseled on its side a Cross,
In sign of Christian burial.

Randal.

I hope, in sign of final resurrection.

Fairfax.

Amen: now let us on, and up this height:
I long to breathe salt air again.

Randal.

[*Aside*] Now Fortune like a wanton flings
From out the window of high heaven her signal,
To cheer my footsteps on to her embrace,
Or lead them down to ignominious death!
Perish the doubt that intercepts the step,
Which, thus invited, leads me to her favor—

And let my courage overleap the height
Of all that stands between my wish and me!
[*Aloud*] The prospect, Fairfax, is it worth the
climb,

To such high eminence? If so, go out
Still further, and you'll see the waste expand
Ev'n to the Light House o'er the sandy bar.

Fairfax.

'Tis true; the prospect widens toward the sea;
The Bay, so lately fretted by the gale,
Becalms himself within his wonted girth,
Immeasurably full of majesty—
Immeasurably grand in all his ways—
Immeasurably wayward in his strength,
Save this: that on his brow is written law,
And in his moods shines out Divinity,
That doth restrain him, and proclaim a'oud,
With godlike emphasis, above him still,
There is a Master, be He what He will!

Randal.

Go farther out!

Fairfax.

I will! but follow me,
And we shall overpeer the precipice,
And gaze down on the sea!

Randal.

I'm not so fearless on the foot as you,
And so I balance with this broken stake.

[*Aside*] Now is my opportunity

[*Launches at Fairfax with the stake.*]

Fairfax.

O, foul! What would you!

[*Fairfax falls over the precipice. Randal retires
and sits upon the stone.*]

Randal [alone].

Well done, or rashly, still the deed is done!
And what is done so, never can be undone!
It may undo the doer: itself remains:
I must reflect upon my future course:

[after a pause.]

Sometimes 'tis true, as said, there's luck in leisure,
But oftener through expedition lies
The road to fortune, or to victory.
This treasure's mine by the oldest title known
To humankind: but what to do with it?

I can not carry it away:

No mule: an ass it may be, but no mule:

Let's see: there was a life between this prize

And me: now he is out of it: I heir

To all he owned and buried in this spot;

One eve, upon yon Isle, the humor took him,

And he described a maiden living near

Upon this coast, so beautiful in face,

So ripe, elastically turned in figure,

That fancy fired my heart with passion for her;

I'll seek her out, and follow fancy's bent

Until a favorable gale of fortune

Blow me some aid to run this treasure out

To Tangier Isle, or Chincoteague—

Bravo! a plot at last, engrafting love

Upon adventure—with pleasure gilding profit!

Come here, smooth rolling stone—I will imprint

A superscription to thy gravelly rind:

No other link I see 'twixt me and Nature:

Come here: some Fate, I know not what, nor
whence,

Imparts significance to thee, and bids

Me write my name upon thy smoothworn surface:

[He pencils his name on the stone.]

And this much further trust I to thy globe,

That I will throw thee where we never meet:

But if we should—and if we should—why then,
Be Fancy guardian of our further plight,
For thus she prompts me to indite:
[*Writes on the stone: reads aloud:*]

Farewell! a long farewell
To conscience, turned to stone!
Should we two meet again, 'tis ill,
For I will do as thou art done,
And I will leap where thou art thrown!
[*Throws the stone over the precipice. Exit*]

SCENE III

The same.

*Enter Clarence Fauntleroy and Mima Queen
bearing a box, which they set down, and take their
seat upon it.*

Mima.

Aye me! highdiddle, but I am tired!
Now would this burden of Confederate debt
Had fallen on some other arms than mine!

Fauntleroy.

A pretty fall—to call true money debt!
What would you name a credit, pray you, then?

Mima.

I would not call such currency a credit!

Fauntleroy.

In this it is a credit: owe we not
This debt?

Mima.

So much I grant you, that we do.

Fauntleroy.

Then owing it, and having this to pay it,
Does not this make a credit of our debt?

Mima.

Provided that the debt be creditable!

Fauntleroy.

Why every debt is creditable, when
'Tis paid, for if 'twere otherwise, no credit
Were given it: as thus: should I kiss you,
I were your debtor for a kiss so lent—

Mima.

And I in turn, your creditor become
To the score of a box on the left ear.

Fauntleroy.

Which credit being left, the balance still
Requires more advances on my part—

Mima.

Nay, nay! I cry you set off! you denying
My plea, I must in turn decline your suit.
Whist! here my father comes!

[*Enter Caspar Queen.*]

Fauntleroy.

[*Aside*] If he

Be father near, I must be farther off!

[*Aloud*] I say, good friend, you're just in proper
time

To aid in burying your precious charge.

Caspar.

Well say you precious, since the box, my boy,
Contains, or holds within (which is the same,
The meaning being in no wise different),
The money I have taken from my gate
These more than three long years, now past and
gone,

All safely funded in Confederate Bonds,
Or Registered Certificates, which is
The same in substance and in meaning.

Fauntleroy.

Whate'er the meaning be, I fear the substance
Will prove to be a very shadow, for

This currency on which is based your Bond,
Swells so in volume that the volume checks
The currency.

Caspar.

What would you beg? Is not the Nation's faith
So pledged? What! what! repudiate a debt,
So sacredly, and solemnly contracted?
No, no! the public faith must be sustained!
The national honor shall be protected,
And every obligation met when due!

Fauntleroy.

But who's to meet it? whence shall come the gold
Wherewith to make the sacred pledges good?

Caspar.

Now therein lies a fundamental error:
We need no gold—

Fauntleroy.

Well, whence the silver, then?

Caspar.

Nor silver either—

You see you do not understand the laws
Of currency, and interchange of values,
Political economy has made
A butt of you: burn all your books; come back
To great first principles, and solve
Me—what is money? 'Tis a value mere,
Or measure, which is much the same import,
Without distinction in their several senses—

Mima.

A truce, good gentleman, or I shall lose
My several senses in this disputation,
And you, meanwhile, may lose your treasure here
By losing time. We come to bury money,
Not to praise it!

Caspar.

Well thought of, girl!
Fall to it, then, friend Fauntleroy, and when

You next may have a month or more to spare,
Come visit me, and I'll explain to you
The laws of labor!

Fauntleroy.

Good, I will hold you to it.

Caspar.

And sing 's a song, Mima, while we dig.

[*Caspar and Fauntleroy dig in the ground:*
Mima sings.]

Song.

The leaves are falling to the ground,
The Southern skies grow pale,
The lark neglects his Summer sound,
The thrush forgets his tale—
The thrush forgets his tale!

All desolately mute, the woods
With arms outstretched in prayers,
Remind our hearts of solitudes,
As vast, as calm as theirs—
As vast, as calm as theirs!

The Westwind made the polished streams
His mirrors where he glassed;
Dark Evening dropt her crown of beams
To tempt him as he passed—
To tempt him as he passed!

But now he blows—ah me, he blows
So cold this wintry West,
That we would fold, like yonder wold,
Our bloom about our breast—
Our bloom about our breast!

For now he blows—ah me, he blows
So changed, this fickle West,
That we would close, like yonder rose,
Our bloom about our breast—
Our bloom about our breast!

Caspar.

It is a melancholy song,
And sung much like her dear, departed mother.
Full many a year the season's sad refrain
Has troubled me with echoes like that song!
What time the southing West goes o'er the Bay,
And makes wild music in the sobbing pines,
And bends the sedge upon the russet hills,
And shakes the hinges of my oaken gate,
And brines with mistings of the salty sea,
The ice-cold air about my cottage door,
Then miss I most my dead wife's tender mien,
And filled-up sympathy for all the race,
That overleaped the bounds of all degrees,
And made the whole world welcome at our fire!
O! she was gentle, she was kind and good!
And when I stood beside her bed of death,
She gave into my arms this girl, a babe
With cherub smile, and angel eyes of blue—
A lily woven in the very cypress
Of my grief: I took the tender thing,
And pledged her all a father's ceaseless care;
Since then, as a perpetual celibate,
I've kept that pledge, dividing not my love,
But lavishing it all on you, my child—
My Mima! idol of my heart!

Mima.

My Father! what a world of tenderness
Lies in the compass of your dear, old breast!
How can my life repay the debt I owe
Of gratitude, and piety to you!
Bless these dear, old, gray hairs—and fond old
speech.

[*Embraces him.*]

Fauntleroy.

[*Aside*] A scene like this I feel would be pro-
faned

By stranger eyes, or ears, unless my own!
 But O! fond heart, with what delicious throb,
 You grasp the future with anticipation,
 When licensed by the dearest title known,
 And ceremony sacredly confirmed,
 I shall support this old man's steps, and pillow
 All of the daughter's trials on this breast!
 But from this reverie I must recall them—
 There's danger in our lingering here too long;
 I'll speak to them:
 [*Aloud*] Caspar! the day is waning,
 And having been thus far so favored in
 No accident befell our journey here—
 No interruption marred your treasure's burial—
 'Tis tempting Providence to linger here—
 Let's note the grave where we have placed your
 box,
 And hasten away; yonder lies a stone
 Which we may roll upon the spot, whereby
 To mark it; give 's a hand, friend Caspar!
 [*They roll the stone from above Fairfax's Box,
 over that of Caspar.*]

Mima.

Rest quiet Box, while yet in peace you may,
 Nor see the light, till War has cleared away;
 Then from your tomb, encasing with such care,
 Rise up when bid, and front the open air!
 With Rosicrusian art, or Alchem' old
 Turn every thing that you have touched to gold!

Caspar.

Nay, Heaven forbid! But Bond for Bond unfold!
 For better or for worse, let come what will,
 In peace or war, through good report or ill,
 'Pay me my Bonds'! be my religion still!

[*Exeunt together.*]

SCENE IV

Bar-room in the "Refuge House," at Smith's Point.

Present: *Landlord; Caspar Queen, Uncle Jesse; Sergeant Johnson, watching the others; neighbors, white and colored.*

Caspar Queen.

You will observe there is a wide distinction between simple *convertible* Bonds, and the *intro*-convertible Bond, and the Bond *inter* convertible. Your Bond simply *convertible* is your ordinary eight per cent Confederate Bond; your *intro*-convertible Bond is exchangeable for *one* thing only, as your short-date Confederate Bond, which is payable April 9, 1865; while your *inter* convertible Bond may be exchanged for *two* or *more*, or (what is the same thing), *several* denominations or commodities: thus your ten per cent Confederate Bond is payable in the year 1900, either in Cotton, Gold, or Silver, when presented in London, Boston, Pekin, or Richmond, as the holder may elect: its chief value consists in the fact that it is based not upon gold, but upon the credit of the Nation. Now, Jesse, I owe you \$1,000 for two days' work in my garden: now what sort of a Bond do you prefer—the *convertible* Bond, the *intro* convertible Bond, or the Bond *inter* convertible?

Jesse.

Well, Sah, you give dis ole man a good squah meal's vittles, and I let you off wid dat thousan' dollahs; for to tell you de trufe, I ain't much of a

Bondsman; I believes in de incontrovertible bon' of peace, in de unity of de sperrit; and dat's de bon' de people of dis country wants, which dey kyant git it!

Caspar.

Jess, do you call such barbarous views as those, Finance!

Jesse.

No Sah; I don't call dem nobody's fine aunts; but I calls 'em fust cousins to de trufe, do'.

Caspar.

Why, Jess, I'm ashamed of you! What did the preacher say last night about answering a fool according to his folly?

Jesse.

Why, Sah, he say, 'almost and altogether 'cept dese bon's', and now you gwine straight back into bondage agin!

Caspar.

Jesse! Jesse! silence these perversions! Did not the minister maintain that every man should treat his fellow-man—

Jesse.

Dat's it! he conten' every man got to stan treat!

[*Enter the two 'Longshoremen, tipsy.*]

1st 'Longshoreman.

That's so, old nigger—we've all got to stand treat! Set out your bottle!

Jesse.

If you call me nigger, I'll sue you for reformation of my corkter.

1st 'Longshoreman.

Blow your character—you've got to treat or be treated: how much money have you got?

[*Winks at Caspar.*]

Caspar.

Don't care if I do—just a drop!

Jesse [pulling out a roll of Confederate notes.]

Ain't got over a thousan' dollahs—'pon my word I ain't got it.

1st 'Longshoreman.

Come, landlord! applejack here for the party. You yonder in the corner, take a drop of some—think?

[To Randal.]

Randal.

[Aside] These drunken knaves are disagreeable to me—not that they will ever recognize me, but their sight annoys me. *[Aloud.]* Certainly, my friend, I'll be sociable.

2d 'Longshoreman.

Good for the soul, Sir—good for the soul—nothink like it. Do try somethink!

[Enter Ralph Simpson.]

Ralph.

Certainly I will. Refuse? Not at all! The best of health.

Landlord [calling from the window.]

John, run out to the stillhouse and draw another bucket of that ere brandy—quick! Strain it? Why certainly—do you think the gentlemen wants mash?

[They drink.]

1st 'Longshoreman.

How much, Landlord?

Landlord.

Let's see—eight of you? Jest two hundred dollars, Sir.

Randal.

[Aside] He has come at last—the man I'm looking for: he fills the bill, and must be a scoundrel; I will board him.

[Taps Ralph on the shoulder.]

I say, a word with you?

[*They talk apart while the remainder talk in a tipsy manner.*]

Your name is?

Ralph.

Certainly—I was christened that when I was an infant for the first time. And *your* name is?

Randal.

Johnson; Sergeant Johnson of the 23d North Carolina. You are only stopping in this neighborhood a short time?

Ralph.

Now really, I'm sorry; should like you to remain longer; your regiment is under orders perhaps?

Randal.

You have been recommended to me as a man who would be likely to want a job—

Ralph.

Yaas—something in the line of agriculture—plowing, hoeing corn—country job, you know!

Randal.

Come, no nonsense, my friend; I am no detective, nor any thing of the kind. I mean plain business. I have a job, and will pay you in gold.

Ralph.

Something ugly, I guess.

Randal.

Not at all: only requires strength, and no blabbing, and running the blockade; these 'Long-shoremen will take us out, and I will arrange with them; now all I want of you is that you meet me at a certain point at nightfall, and assist me in getting a box to the boat.

Ralph.

Dead men in it, may be?

Randal.

No; but even if there should be, that's my lookout. I pay ten dollars in gold for helping me to

the boat; if you're for the job, say so; if not, I will get some one else.

Ralph.

Make it twenty?

Randal.

Too much: ten is exorbitant, but rather than dicker, I'll make it fifteen—in gold, to be paid when we reach the Islands.

Ralph.

All right: come what will, I am your man. I'm on the make, and I can't see any reason for you to play off on me: so name your place, and hour, and I'm for the business. [*Aside*] The biter bit, or I'm mistaken. We shall see what comes of it.

Randal.

Do you know where the old Ruin stands on the Bay, about two miles below here?

Ralph.

Know it? Like a book: beyond the high Bluff.

Randal.

Meet me tomorrow night at seven—say one hundred yards south of the Ruin, near the Bluff, and right in the path.

[*Enter Master Bain, tipsy.*]

Bain.

Landlord! why don't you take your lamp-posts in at night? Gentlemen are liable to run against them, as I did. Do you see that nose? Quick now, applejack for the company—(hard set they are, too). Come up, one and all, and taste ethereal nectar, by Pomona fresh distilled from the forbidden fruit.

[*They drink.*]

Randal.

[*Aside*] I must pump this young sprig—green as grass, I warrant him. [*Aloud*] I say, Master,

any news with the Corps?

Bain.

And what are you? Whate'er your rank, whate'er your name, your friendship from this hour I claim! A sergeant: Sergeant Buzfuz, or Corporal Trim? 'Do Trim,' said my Uncle Toby!

Randal.

We are officers; let us talk apart from this noisy rabble.

Bain.

Why yes, damn 'em, we're officers; and I'm a gentleman, Sir: a gentleman-born-of-Signal-Corps; a Signal-gentleman, born-of-Corps, Sir. You're an officer, sir, and I love you. [*Embraces him, during which Randal manages to extract from his pocket an official envelope with enclosure.*] When I drink with a gentleman, sir, our official feelings flow together, sir, just as ice floats down the stream, when detached from its place of congelation by a gentle thaw! But come, let's drink. I say you, Landlord! more brandy here for the company!

[*Bain goes to the bar.*]

Randal.

[*Aside*] A pretty officer! how many more Like him, I pray them, ornament the service? Now while the brandied knaves are drinking, I'll to this window here, and in its shadow And by the outside lamp's reflected light, Peruse this fool's commission.

[*Reads; the others drink.*]

Aha! the very ground grows tremulous
Beneath me! Matthews hither comes—for what?
'To meet Lamoir' (*his cousin*) 'with dispatches
Fresh from the East, sent through the Secret Bureau.'
Not meeting him, he'll seek the Signal Corps—
(O! that their meeting could be brought about!)

The Corps will seek and find those 'Longshoremen
And they'll seek me; Ha! I must baffle them:
I'll see this Matthews first, and muddle him;
'*It's to be given out we've come to stop
Blockade-running; and you must find for us
One Clarence Fauntleroy;*'

I see it all: this Fauntleroy I've heard of—
He courts, 'tis said, the Tollgate's daughter:
I'll compliment him with my last achievement
(Which was to knock upon the sconce his partner),
And while he wrestles with its modest weight,
I'll carry off the golden argosy
For which it was so dubiously performed.
The girl I must give up; not willingly,
But there's no other course; poor thing,
I hope she'll marry well—

[*Aloud*] I say, mine host! light me to bed anon;
And to avoid this good society,
And save the pain of parting company,
I'll make my exit thus—

[*Exit from the window; host withdraws the light,
closing the scene upon the others, engaged in a
general embrace.*]

ACT II

SCENE I

Room in the Tollhouse.

[*Randal discovered disguised as Rev. Felix Moss, looking in a mirror.*]

Randal.

This garb becomes me well; the white cravat
My native olive gives a richer hue;
Those eyes have never failed me, when afloat
I boarded one of nature's weaker craft,
And made to seaward with my lawful prize.
Poor things! what were this barren world without
them!

I hold them putty in the glazier's hands,
Which when well kneaded mends a pane; or wine
When once the seal is broken, must be drank;
We drink the sweet intoxicating draft,
Then leave the empty flagon to its fate.
But here she comes; where is my pocket-bible;
I'll to my text:

[*He reads; enter Mima.*]

“These things command I you,
That ye love one another.”

Mima.

[*Aside*] O, fiddlestick! a preacher; well, I hope
He is a godly one; I love that kind.

Randal.

My thoughts had turned to holy contemplation,
And in the sacred book of life I grew
Abstractedly intent; but you arouse me,
My heavenly dream more heavenly made by you;
The *lives* of our poor soldiers, are they dear?
But O! how far more precious are the *souls*
Of those in camp, in field, and hospital!
Reflecting on this subject, I grew sad,
Until the voice of God came through the clouds,
And bid me forth, and to the sacred harvest.
Fair lady, beautiful as God has made you,
Perhaps you are indifferent, and have
A conscience unawakened?
If so, let me but pray for you—
That, like the statue which the ancient chiselled,
Then by adoring warmed to actual life,
I may instruct, then by the power of worship,
Convert from marble infidelity,
To all the fervor of intense belief!

Mima.

Why you should take me for an infidel,
I'm sure I cannot tell, but blush to think
There's aught about me warrants the indictment.
To being giddy, thoughtless, hoydenish,
I may plead guilty; but for aught irreverent,
I trust the trial of my worst accuser
Would verdict my acquittal.

Randal.

I knew it, or believed it, from your face,
So fair, so frank, so chaste, so true, and thoughtful,
That you would aid by any means you can,
Our soldiers on the field of tent and battle,
By bibles, books of sweet religious scope,
As tracts, or sermons, hymns contributed,
But over all by your most fervent prayers,

For those to whom my work is dedicated.
May I not count you on my staff of aids,
And adjutants enlisted?

Mima.

Most reverend Sir, you may,
To the extent of all I can assist you.

Randal.

Give me your hand then, on that holy vow.
How fair a hand to pledge so fair a promise!

[*Enter Caspar Queen.*]

Caspar.

Good morning, reverend Sir! you are quite welcome;

An acquaintance of Mima, I perceive.
Immersionist I hope? Next to the doctrine
Enjoining payment of Confederate Debt,
I hold baptism by complete submersion
The cardinal feature in religious faith.
What think you of Confederate Bonds?

Randal.

I think them, Sir, securities for debt,
That he who owns should look to; and in fact,
Your views about them are my views entirely—
And how could I more fully state the pith
Of what is most profound upon this subject,
Than by invoking your far deeper knowledge?

Caspar.

[*Aside*] The finest preacher of his age, I'll warrant!

[*Aloud*] My views are borrowed from the fountain source

Of all financial art—immortal Jones!
Jones does not talk, himself, but to the few,
And we, disciple-like, interpret him,
And make translations for the multitude,
As priests of old, dumb oracles gave forth,
Or Plato rendered Socrates.

Randal.

Jones! Jones! O, thrice immortal Jones!
How have I longed to see and hear thee, Jones!
To thy financial pool I fain would rush,
As if to quench a never-dying thirst—

Caspar.

[*Aside*] Tully! Huzza! *Quasi sitim explere æternam!*

Randal.

Great Alchemist! whose genius sublime
Can turn to gold—nay more than finest gold—
A mountain heap of unsubstantial trash!
Wise benefactor! whose unequalled skill
Can render unto Cæsar not his own
Alone, but much of other men's, and God's!
Can wring from vulgar toil the tribute due
To power, and wealth, and noble speculation!
Let me but see thee, Jones, and I die happy,
Whatever Providence o'ertake me after.

Caspar.

[*Aside*] Was ever seen such noble aspiration!

[*Aloud*] My dear and reverend sir, give us your
hand!

You shall be gratified: Jones you shall see:
He dines, at two o'clock today, with me.

[*Enter Fauntleroy.*]

Fauntleroy.

[*Aside*] Why what means this! a preacher hold-
ing palms

For Mimma, and her father too—one each?

The devil's a gentleman, but I will look
To this!

[*Aloud*] Ahem! your pardons, worthy friends;

I do intrude, and will retire apace,

Till more convenient season shall occur.

Your special grace, Miss Mimma, for th' intrusion.

Mima.

So far from being an intruder, Clarence,
Your visit is appropriately timed:
This is our guest, the Reverend Felix Moss:
My friend, and father's, Clarence Fauntleroy.

Fauntleroy.

[*Aside*] Avaunt his reverence: I do not like it.

[*Aloud*] Your pardon, Sir, but do I interrupt you?
Not ev'n the pleasure of your new acquaintance
Would compensate the pain of interruption.

Randal.

[*Aside*] Aha! a jealous tone about the rascal!

[*Aloud*] Eh, Fauntleroy? and did I hear aright?
I make with pleasure your acquaintance, Sir.

Caspar.

O, Clarence, this gentleman's a financier,
And of the modern school which Jones has
fathered:

You must shake hands with this, a new disciple—
A prodigy of eloquence and learning:
He wishes the acquaintance of the founder
Of our new Poorhouse Labor Union Club,
And I have bid him dine with us at two.
Now will you not engage to join the party?

Mima.

Come, Clarence, join these gentle-folk at dinner.

Fauntleroy.

Amid a company so well selected,
I fear my welcome, although hitherto
Always assured beneath this cottage roof,
Would be at fault: pray do not strain politeness
By asking me.

Randal.

Come, Sir, your promise here to meet us,
And I shall rest content, and say farewell
Until our meeting: for I have other work
On hand.

Fauntleroy.

Then be it as you say: at two, to dinner.

Randal.

Good! and until then, sweet friends, adieu;
For I must be about my holy work.

[*Aside*] Aha! but I shall use the time till two,
To make this knave's digestion overdue!

[*Exit Randal.*]

Caspar.

O! what a treat in store for me—

Such auditory for my views on Money!

And Caleb Jones to nod his wise approval!

Excuse me, Clarence, I must go and write

The heads of our symposium.

[*Exit Caspar.*]

Mima.

You seem quite distant, Clarence—

Has anything occurred to mar your pleasure?

Fauntleroy.

Who is this so-called missionary?

You've known him, I suppose, from infancy;

'Tis sure he cannot be a new acquaintance:

His manner toward you warranted a friendship

Of many years: how strange I never heard

You speak of him.

Mima.

I never saw him till today.

Fauntleroy.

Impossible! And is it thus, with hands

Conjoined, you welcome strolling vagabonds,

Of whom you nothing know of history

Or motives?

Mima.

For shame to thus abuse your better nature

Through jealousy! Dear Clarence, be yourself,

In reason, justice, common sense. You will

Allow that whom my father welcomed here,

I was in duty bound to entertain.
Besides, he is a minister engaged
In working charity amidst the camps.
Now clear away those frowns, which on your brow
Like alien snowbirds in a Summer day,
With a forlorn and foreign aspect, sit.

Fauntleroy.

Ah, well! how fair in woman is sweet temper!
It is the Orphean music which enchains
That philanthropic savage known as—man!
I was too hasty: but I did not like
The sanctimonious face of your new friend:
He looks too good, by far, for human nature.

Mima.

No more of him. You'll come and dine at two?

Fauntleroy.

I'll come!

So until then, adieu, for I must haste
About affairs which needs will occupy me
Until the hour. Goodbye Sweetheart.

[*They embrace. Exit Clarence. Scene closes.*]

SCENE II

Outer room in the Tollhouse

Caspar Queen smoking: enter Fauntleroy.

Caspar.

Welcome! welcome most heartily. I know what
you have come for, and I was just thinking about
you. You came to hear my views on Labor, and
Confederate currency. Now, frankly, have I not
guessed your errand?

Fauntleroy.

Indeed you have displayed your usual penetra-
tion. I came to dine with you, by invitation.

Caspar.

I knew it—I knew it! And now, before we set in, have you anything to *do*? Because, in order to understand the question of Labor, it is necessary a man shall give up all employment, or occupation, which is the same thing, there being no difference—

Fauntleroy.

I am as idle, sir, as a tramp or vagabond, with positively nothing on my mind—after I shall have delivered this package to your daughter.

Caspar.

She is within—I will call her.

Fauntleroy.

Excuse me, Sir, I will save you trouble by just stepping in where she sits. I will return in a moment.

[*Exit Fauntleroy.*]

Caspar.

Strange how exercised that boy is about my views on these great questions: not a day but he is here! But I must relieve him from my daughter's endless curiosity about his adventures, running the blockade—his new wares—the fashions, and what not.

[*Calls.*]

CLARENCE!

Fauntleroy.

Presently, sir, presently!

Caspar.

Poor boy! every opportunity he runs over here to hear me expound the Finances. And if Mima chance at any time to pass near the Ruin where he sells his blockade wares, forthwith he shall seize upon that excuse to accompany her home, just that he may spend an hour or so under my dissertations. But she is torturing him by the detention.

[*Calls.*]

FAUNTLEROY!

Fauntleroy [from within.]

In a moment, Sir!

Caspar.

And what a treat I have in store for him! Caleb Jones has promised to come over to dine, and Clarence shall see him, the great master of the Finances. But he is losing valuable time by that girl's nonsense about the outside world—the breeze of fashion and the gale of folly: I say, Fauntleroy!

Fauntleroy [from within.]

In a trice, now, Sir!

Caspar.

I verily believe that boy will go distracted, if that foolish girl do not release him. She has a great curiosity to question him about his manœuvres and devices to avoid capture, and hair-breadth escapes upon the Bay—the boy, meanwhile, impatient to hear *me*. I say, now—Clarence!

Fauntleroy.

I am coming now, Sir.

[Enter Clarence and Mima.]

Mima.

O, gracious, Father, you will not give Clarence time to exchange a word with me, when he has oceans to tell!

Caspar.

Pooh, pooh, my child, why will you detain him, when he has come on purpose to hear me on the Finances? You see, my boy—(Mima let's have dinner as soon as you can, I am expecting Caleb Jones over to dine with us). You see, Clarence—(Mima, sweeten a little of that fresh apple-brand; I care not for it, but Jones is fond of it.) You understand, Clarence—(Mima, cook three or four

beans; in fact, cook all the beans we have, even if it is a half dozen; Jones is particularly fond of beans, besides being hard of hearing).*

[*Exit Mima.*]

To come to the point, my friend, there is no necessary relation between Labor and Work, although many are under that popular delusion. Point of fact, one of the oaths of our Labor-Union Club is, that the applicant has not done a stroke of work for six months! Do you see?

Fauntleroy.

Is't possible! You surprise me, Sir!

Caspar.

Surprise you! Listen again: You no doubt suppose a man of wealth has necessarily been a worker but no such thing; whenever did you see a rich working-man? Such man is synonymous with a poor man, whereas your 'man of leisure,' is he not your rich man the world over?

Fauntleroy.

I see: your industrious man is your poor man, while your idle man becomes rich!

Caspar.

Precisely so! And still another fundamental error that you have got to banish, is the idea that your *needy* man is necessarily *poor*; to the contrary, Sir, I shall today show you the neediest man in Virginia, who at the same time is perhaps the richest; and this is no other than my friend Caleb Jones, the President of our Labor-Union Club. Why, Clarence, that man is a Financial phenomenon—an Anti-bullion giant, Sir—an up-and-down millionaire! He has sold all of his visible effects, and has buried in the ground, hid away from sight, a round million dollars—none of your gold and silver trash, but solid Confeder-

Κναμοτρῶξ καὶ ὑποκωρον—*Aristop.*

ate Notes and Bonds: and yet Sir, where do you think that man has retired to?

Fauntleroy.

Why, I suppose to some very private and secluded palace of his own, embowered in extensive parks, where he regales himself daily on rich viands and costly wines?

Caspar.

Not at all! He lives at the Poorhouse, and walks his four miles daily to beg a drink of apple-brandy fresh from the still. So you see there is wide distinction between your *needy* man and your *poor* man. Take the first man, Adam, for example: he did not have a shirt to 's back: never saw a bill of exchange: never handled a Confederate note: as *poor* as poverty itself; and yet he *needed* nothing! whereas, here is Caleb, poor fellow, with a cool million of the highest pledges of National honor—money in its true sense—money based on the credit of the whole nation; and yet he cannot command a meal outside of the Poorhouse!

Fauntleroy.

I should never have dreamed of his immense wealth! But I wonder whether there never crosses his mind a cruel suspicion that his buried Notes may, after all, turn out to be no more worth than the very indifferent paper on which they are printed?

Caspar.

Notes? Did I say Notes? I tell you, Sir, they are Bonds—Confederate Bonds, bearing eight per cent interest, and doubling themselves every twelve years!

Fauntleroy.

I see: his wealth, like yours, consists in Confederate Bonds. But do you not think there is just the remotest possibility that even these Bonds

may eventually become of such vast and accumulated amount as to be past redemption?

Caspar.

Not at all, my dear boy, not at all! On the contrary—*au contraire*—Caleb and I have gone over all that ground, and we have worked out the problem to our entire satisfaction, and proved that the more bonds that are issued, the richer we shall be: because one object of our Financial debates is to form the nucleus of an organization to make all the Bonds redeemable in other Bonds, which latter are to be interchangeable with Confederate notes, and these last are then to be made interconvertible with still other Bonds; and thus the whole rotary scheme of interchangeability and interconvertibility is to be the best financial system the world has ever seen, and every man is to have just as much money as he wants!

Fauntleroy.

And Jones, you say, is the author of all this? Why what a rich mendicant he needs must be!

Caspar.

Oh, the richest poor fellow! But you shall hear him—you shall go with me to the Poorhouse, when next we hold our Financial Debate.

Fauntleroy.

I shall be too happy! But one thing more: suppose you should fail in establishing your rotary system of Finance, what then?

Caspar.

Then, Sir, and in that event, we have another project equally just and equitable: as follows: at present we have converted every thing we had into National securities at the rate of ten dollars in gold for one thousand dollars in Confederate Bonds: now, as soon as the war is over, we will have an act of Congress passed to strengthen the

National credit, and declare the value of the National Bonds, which shall make them legal tender in payment of all debts: then shall follow an act to amend an act entitled an act to declare the value of the National Bonds, whereby they shall be made payable in silver; then follows an act to supplement an act entitled an act to amend an act to declare the value of the National or Confederate Bonds, whereby they shall be payable in gold; finally an act to construe an act entitled an act to supplement an act entitled an act to amend an act to declare the value of the National Bonds, whereby they shall be made payable in Brazilian diamonds, worth double gold, ounce for ounce! Thus you see, as Jones puts it, by the simple wand of patriotic legislation, we Bankers and Financiers shall realize millions, and live on the fat of the land!

Fauntleroy.

But will the people submit to this legislation, so ruinous to their interests?

Caspar.

Submit? ha! ha! Why Sir, it shall be disloyal even to murmur against it! But here comes the great Financier himself.

[*Enter Caleb Jones.*]

Fauntleroy.

[*Aside*] Since the world was young, was ever such a tatterdemalion seen before! a very corporal for Falstaff's company, to companion Mouldy, Wart, and Bulcalf! A composite of oddities—walking anachronism—with a coat of '76, boots of 1812, and a paper collar of yesterday! Heaven grant me a sober mask in this bacchanalia of tattered elements!

Caspar.

This hour is one of the happiest of my life,

since it enables me to introduce to the inquiring mind of youth, a great Financial Expositor. Allow me, Jones: my young friend, Clarence Fauntleroy.

Caleb Jones.

It affords me, Sir, unusual pleasure to make his acquaintance.

Fauntleroy.

It is reciprocal. [Enter Jesse.]

Uncle Jess.

De Lord bless you, Mast' Caspar, 'scuse me Sah, but a whole rattalion of soldiers comin' here—and dey's aft' Mast' Clarence dar, for I hear 'em say so. Dey is indeed!

[Enter Mima.]

Mima.

Father, Uncle Jess is right. Clarence, their coming bodes you no good, I feel sure of it. Make your escape ere it prove too late!

Fauntleroy.

I care not for them. I am a blockade-runner it is true, but loyal to the Confederacy, and have done her some service.

Caleb.

Take my advice: put your goods and wares in a safe place first; then, if necessary, surrender.

Caspar.

Always to the point: take his advice, or admonition, which is the same thing, there being no difference in the meaning!

Fauntleroy.

I will: whither shall I escape? They are at the door, and the house apparently surrounded.

Caleb.

In here: [opens a closet.]

Caspar.

Wrong, for once! In *here*, and follow your

nose, until you see daylight in the ravine below, and thence you shall easily escape. (*Caspar slides a panel in the wall, and closes it on Fauntleroy.*) Now, Caleb, let us drink to his escape; here's a bottle of fresh apple-brandy.

[*They drink. Enter Randal, as Sergeant Johnson, with a squad of Confederate soldiers.*]

Sergeant Johnson.

He is here, I'm sure of it; I saw him at the window, and he cannot have escaped.

[*Enter Captain Coke.*]

Coke.

Search the house—examine every nook and cranny!

Caspar.

Make yourselves at home, gentlemen; and when entirely at leisure, perhaps you will explain why you thus rudely invade my house!

Coke.

You have concealed here a most dangerous character—one whom we mean to take dead or alive—one Fauntleroy. He was seen to enter here, and must be concealed somewhere in this house—where is he?

[*Exit Johnson with soldiers into the inner rooms, searching.*]

Caspar.

There is my daughter—ask her.

Coke.

Pardon me, Miss, but where is this Fauntleroy?

Mima.

There is Mr. Jones, our neighbor, ask him!

Coke.

Neighbor Jones, pray tell me where is this culprit, Fauntleroy?

Caleb.

I will inquire diligently of this bottle by drinking your health. [*Drinks: re-enter Johnson.*]

Johnson.

[*Aside to Coke.*] We have searched carefully and cannot find him: let me manage this old toll-keeper—I'll draw something out of him.

[*To Caspar.*] You are a Virginia gentleman, I understand; just a little seedy, you know: now here is a ten-dollar greenback—just tell me where that fellow is concealed, and it is yours!

Caspar.

You take me for a Virginia gentleman, do you?

Johnson.

Yes, for a regular F. F. V., upon my honor.

Caspar.

And you offer me, being a 'little seedy,' ten dollars to give information?

Johnson.

I do, in all sincerity.

Caspar.

Well, here is my answer, given in old Virginia style!

[*Knocks him down: Uncle Jess empties the bottle, and brandishes it: Coke lays his hand on Johnson's pistol.*]

Coke.

Put up your pistol: we will have no more fighting in this lady's presence. Calm your apprehensions, Miss, answer me on your honor, is Fauntleroy concealed in this house?

Mima.

On my honor, he is not!

Coke.

That is sufficient. Sergeant, recall your men, and take them hence: I will follow.

[*Exit Sergt. J. and squad, followed by Coke.*]

Caspar.

Happy escape! Go down, Jesse, and collect the toll, and we will in to dinner.

[*Ex. omnes.*]

SCENE III

A large hall in the Old Ruin.

Present Clarence Fauntleroy and Mima. Scenic effect, melancholy.

Fauntleroy.

See, love, the desolation sheer of War!
Here once there rose the hospitable roof
Of a most noble mansion, bowered in shade,
While wide the spreading vista seaward stretched;
And generous youths and blooming maidenhood
Around this hearth, with peace and plenty dwelt:
Now all is wasted—all is mute—
And, gaining by a superstitious dread,
Which makes the country folk avoid these walls—
That they are haunted by the restless shades,
Or spirits, of their oldtime denizens—
I make of them a storehouse for my wares.

Mima.

But I'm distressed to know why all your wares
Upon one spot are ranged in this wide hall,
While all the other space is vacant?

Fauntleroy.

That you must guess, but with this much of cue;
Should Matthews still my secret flight pursue,
It may be he will demonstrate the cause,
Why on one central spot with all my goods, I
pause!

Mima.

And this you call a cue for my distress?

Fauntleroy.

And that I call a cue, and for your guess!

Mima.

Perhaps I do not spell my guess with Q?

Fauntleroy.

But I do spell mine so—with you!

Guess me, therefore, the contents of this water-
fall?

'Twas brought to me worn on a maiden's head,
Who, when escaping through the Union lines,
Though searched, brought to our aid what you
shall guess.

Mima.

The problem then, I understand, is this:

Given a patriotic maiden's head,

To tell the contents of her waterfall?

I'd rather you'd give me the waterfall,

To tell the contents of the head that wore it!

Fauntleroy.

But that would be to give away the problem;

So have at you: pinned on it here, I find

An inventorial card: guess me the contents?

Mima.

An infant aureole? blest be the head

Encircled by it! And when it is full grown

I'll guess, and not before!

Fauntleroy.

You will not guess? then listen while I give

The contents to you.

'Of quinine forty ounce.'

Mima.

Enough! I'm poisoned!

Fauntleroy.

'Twelve morphine.'

Mima.

Gabriel shall not awake me!

Fauntleroy.
 'Eight belladonna.'
Mima.
 I'm wild already!
Fauntleroy.
 'Ether, two grains.'
Mima.
 I'm in the seventh heaven—
Fauntleroy.
 'Ten chloroform.'
Mima.
 Shall never touch the earth!
Fauntleroy.
 'Digitaline two.'
Mima.
 My heart has ceased to beat!
Fauntleroy.
 'Of calomel one pound.'
Mima.
 I'm salivated!
Fauntleroy.
 'Hartshorn, twelve grains.'
Mima.
 I faint in spite of it!
Fauntleroy.
 And so you see the patriotic maid,
 Bore seven pounds in coil upon her head
 Our fevered men in field and camp to aid!
Mima.
 My patriotism sure my neck had broke—
 A fate your patriots oftentimes provoke!
 [A horn is heard—much like a boat-horn.]
Fauntleroy.
 Hist! there's a note of danger while we talk—
 That's Jesse's sign to put me on my guard:
 I shut the box: set yourself on it, dear—

Mima.

Good fathers! I hope I shall not hatch a school
Of young allopathists from all this physic!

[*Clarence goes to the window, and looks out.*]

Fauntleroy.

Faithful Jesse's right—we are surrounded.
Now all depends upon my Mima's courage!
Should we remain, though I be captured, still
You're safe, since Matthews doubtless leads in
person;

But should I flee, it might inure your harm—
I cannot think of leaving you alone!

Mima.

Fly, Clarence, fly! and do not fear for me!
I'm not afraid!

Fauntleroy.

But will you fly with me?

Mima.

Anywhere! anywhere! but lead the way! I follow
But trust my strength, my courage, and my love!

Fauntleroy.

Then mark me, darling—follow my directions.
I from the floor slide back a plank, and descend;
You'll see it fitted back in place again;
Then on the box you'll take your seat, as now:
Be motionless, keep cool, and when you feel
Yourself descending, do not try to gain
The firmer floor about you, lest you fall:
Now can you trust yourself, and me?

Mima.

Yes, both—and God!

Fauntleroy.

Amen! we'll to our work, for time grows short.

[*He slides back a floor-plank next the wall, descends and closes it: Mima sees it neatly fitted, and sprinkles dust over it: She returns and sits on the box.*]

Mima.

Haste, now, Clarence, haste!
I hear the sound of horses' feet, already—
O, closer, closer still, they come!
My God! suppose they're here ere my descent!
They shall not capture me— I will die first!
I'll throw me on their glittering sabres,
And perish, loving Clarence more than life.
O, why does he delay! I hear their voices!

[Voices without: tones of command.]

The floor—is it not shaking? Yes—I feel it!
Yes, yes, it creaks—it moves—it sinks—thank
God!

May He protect! with these clasped hands I pray—

1st Voice, at front door.

Open, open there! within!

2d Voice, at rear door.

Open! or I'll break the door away!

Mima.

Now iron bars and bolts, but do your duty,
And I'm saved!

*[The box, with Mima thereon, sinks through the
trap-door: in two minutes the latter regains its
place with a spring: Enter Randal, as Ser-
geant Johnson, with soldiers following.]*

Randal.

Not here? By heav'n, I saw them enter here
Not fifteen minutes since! Away!
Search all the ruin: surround the court!

[Exit Guard.]

I cannot solve the skein of this escape,
I would be sworn I had them both secure:
And are the superstitious legends true,
That these old walls encircle haunted ground?
Witches and wizards! hellborn spooks! avaunt!
Ho, there! Is nothing seen of them out there?

I'll search these courts and ruins, stone by stone,
But I'll discover where the game is flown!

[*Exit.*]

ACT III

SCENE I

A grotto on the Bay, at the mouth of a cavern.

*Present Mima and Clarence F., emerging from
the latter.*

Clarence.

Here, darling, breaks the day upon our path,
And finds us safe beyond the reach of pursuit,
And fronting on the hospitable sea,
While anchored near, my jaunty shallop rides,
To carry us beyond all danger's reach.

Mima.

Why not rest here—no further flight, I think,
Could find a shelter more secure than this?

Clarence.

Quite true, for such time as we may remain.

Mima.

Meanwhile, my father, Clarence; knowing not
Our flight, may presage gravest ill to me—
Think me a prisoner in unsafe hands,
Or victim to untoward accident:
O, why did I yield to your own entreaties,
To join you in this flight—

Clarence.

Where then was love? I thought you came for
love?

Companionship in rash adventure, darling,
Is but a boon that true love craves of fate,
In order that the test may prove its strength.

Mima.

But there is filial love that's no less due—

Clarence.

I understand: you love your father better!

Mima.

Did I say better? or if perchance I had!—

Think what to him, in piety, I owe?

Clarence.

You did not say you loved him *differently*,

But *better*.

Mima.

Should I have said I loved indifferently?

Who would have thought it, Clarence jealous?

Clarence.

Then I'll repent me of my jealousy;

And you shall seal my pardon with a kiss!

Mima.

Call you that penance?

I wonder what your punishment would be?

But not to let this humor turn away

The thought that lies upon my mind and heart,

How shall we make my father know me safe?

Clarence.

Nothing easier:

The shades of night will soon o'ercast the sky;

Under the full moon, down the silent coast,

Unto a landing near your father's house

We'll row; and you can then return to him.

Mima.

How quick he wishes to get rid of me?

Here in this grotto, by the solemn sea,

One would suppose that every ancient tale

Of love disporting triton would avail,

To make a lover, time's swift passage mock,

And linger as if fastened to the rock,

By siren music, or promethean lock!

Clarence.

Bravo! here will we bide, and share one fate—
Be you my Muse—worth all the other eight!

Mima.

Ha! ha! a merry muse in every sense,
Given, however grave the exigence,
To laugh, and pluck the rose of revelry
From out the briars of catastrophe!

[*Sings.*]

Or in thy shallop shoaling
Where willows fringe the bay,
What time the shades are falling
Over the verge of day—
Look through the offing to the sea—
Look through the offing, Love, and think of
me!

Or in the starry stillness
Of some transcendent night—
O, beneath the fulness
Of the maiden moon's soft light,
Look from thy casement to the sea—
Look from thy casement, Love, and think
of me!

Go seek our trysting places—
Delve in the shelving shore:
Go where the old fort faces
The surge's ceaseless roar:
Go there, my Love, down by the sea—
Go there to gather shells, and think of me!

Clarence.

Had we not bargained to be desperate,
I might have cautioned you against the sound
From your voice rising upward to the cliff:
But putting your poetic point on it,

Which you so finely rounded in your speech
Before your song began, I thought the ear
That caught such heavenly music would but hear
A mermaid in her chambers of the sea,
Awake the echoes with sweet minstrelsy!

Mima.

Pshaw! Clarence, why did you not stop me?
Your point is rather sharp than fine—

Clarence.

I'm glad you do not nominate it dull!

Mima.

I do; but yet not flat, and therefore sharp.
I'm angry with you now, and so must air
My wrath by picking shells upon this beach.

[*They walk on the beach.*]

Why here is a most curious smooth stone,
With something pencilled on its rounded surface—
A name—I'll read it to you:

[*Reads*]

RANDAL GLAIVE:—

'Farewell! a long farewell,
To conscience turned to stone!
Should we two meet again 'tis ill,
For I will do as thou art done,
And I will leap where thou art thrown.'

Clarence.

'Tis curious: 'Randal Glaive:' methinks the name
With no unwonted sound falls on my ear:
'Randal Glaive:' yes, now I do remember him:
There was a youth, in Richmond city reared,
Hence drifted here and there and everywhere
Along the coast; a reckless character,
Engaged in brawls—suspect of crimes also—
But very learned withal, and educated:
He took the sea, much to relief of 's neighbors,

Thence nothing has been seen or heard of him

* * * * *

Great God! what have we here?

[*Sees Fairfax lying stark.*]

A corpse?

Even so! a deed most damnable is here,
For see, upon the skull a murderous blow;
Some mutiny at sea, perchance—

[*He raises Lamoir's head.*]

O, God! it is Fairfax Lamoir!

Mima.

Lamoir? your partner, Clarence? O, me!
Alas, Lamoir! alas, the day! O, me! O, me!
Shall we not bear his body thence away?
You cover him with useless tears and kisses;
The dead are not to be restored by grief.
He breathes? Yes, yes! he may not yet be dead!

Clarence.

He is not dead! his heart, by slight pulsation,
Proclaims a vital spark still unextinct:
Here, Mima, let us lift him in the boat.

[*Two 'Longshoremen pass at a distance in the
'Wild Duck,' with muffled oars, and unob-
served.*]

We will convey him to a refuge near
And known to me, secure from public haunts,
Where all that medicine, and nursing can,
Shall minister to his dear restoration.
O, Mima! I have loved this man! he was
My friend—sincere, devoted, upright, pious,
And full of noble courage: O! I could curse
The hand that smiting, marred this mental frame,
Whereon were trained such gentle flowers of soul—
[*Exeunt with Lamoir in the shallop.*]

SCENE II

The High Bluff as before.

Enter Randal Glaive.

Randal.

Can I be wrong? No, 'tis the spot:
And here the stone I rolled upon the grave,
Where buried lies the treasure of my fortune:
Yes—yes—here is my mark; or rather, *his*—
A cross! I would to God it were a crescent!
A cross * * * There is the trouble with these
priests,
And saints, and ghost stories of prayers and bibles;
A man cannot, in peace and quiet, rob,
Or in an inoffensive manner, steal,
Or plunder, but here comes a troubled mind,
Stirred up by parsons, or by silly women,
To mar the natural pleasure of success:
One world a time were surely worlds enough!
But now, no sooner shall I get this gold,
But I must rid of it: 'twill scorch my hands—
'Twill burn my pocket through—'twill heat my
nerves,
Until they touch the brain, and make me drink
To cool or soothe them; I must play, carouse,
Pursue frail woman, or court violence—
Fly from myself, until perchance, who knows?
I may turn patriot, and join the army!
* * * Softly, here comes yon ruffian
Whom dire necessity compels me to employ:
I'll have an eye on him: he must walk straight,
And keep my front full squarely—

[Enter Ralph Simpson.]

Here at last?

I feared you had gone back on me, or failed me,

Or 'd prove too late for our appointed hour
With our two 'Longshoremen.

Ralph.

I was detained.

Randal.

Here is the spot, beneath this stone, which marked
By me—

Ralph.

By you?

Randal.

Aye, Sir—have you grown deaf?
Have you a ground on which to question it?
To me, I believe, you look for compensation—
See that you earn it.

Ralph.

I will, and that you pay it:
No offense I hope: I dig—you pay me for it—
I carry and am mum: you pay me handsome—
Handsome, mark you, and we call it square—

Randal.

No more: fall to and roll away this stone:
Now—both together!

[*They roll the stone back from over Caspar's box,
over the treasure of Fairfax again.*]

Now dig, cautiously,

Lest you should strike the box.

[*Ralph digs and sings.*]

Wary Larry Thimblorig,
When first he went a stealin',
Borrowed neighbor Jones's pig—
The pig began a squealin':
A pretty pig are you, he said,
To thus reward my labors,
A honest pig and gentle bred,
Would never 'larm the neighbors!

A honest pig, and gentle bred,
Would never 'larm the neighbors!

A squealin' is it, on a pal?
Is that your game, my bristle?
I'll close upon the throttle-val'
And cut off steam and whistle!
A pretty pig are you, he said,
To cancel all my labors—
A honest pig, and gentle bred,
Would never 'larm the neighbors!
A honest pig, and gentle bred,
Would never 'larm the neighbors!

Randal.

But you'll alarm them with your noisy throat,
Like a downright dishonest hog! ho there!
You've struck the box!

Ralph.

No, Sir, not yet, I haven't
[*Continues to dig.*]

Randal.

I say; have you e'er heard of Conscience?

Ralph.

I never did; is he in either army?

Randal.

No!

Ralph.

Loyal?

Randal.

Yes—to both the Governments.

Ralph.

Smart fellow that: he puts it up on 'em.
What office has he—this man, Conn. Shuns?

Randal.

He never gets an office in this country!
They call him private Conscience—
And in public affairs, he has no voice.

Ralph.

Is not in politics, you say?

Randal.

No, no!

An utter stranger there—not known at all!

Ralph.

A lawyer it may be?

Randal.

Has practised law,
But gave it up, for lo, these many years.

Ralph.

Perhaps he runs a newspaper?

Randal.

Oh, no! He keeps aloof from editors,
As nuns avoid the stage, or priests bad wine!

Ralph.

From New England?

Randal.

Born there, they claim: if so,
He emigrated early, and for good!

Ralph.

I guess I never knew nor heard of him:
Did you e'er know the man that did know him?

Randal.

I've known some men most lucky not to know him:
He's a detective!

Ralph.

No! the bloody cop!

A downright inconvenience—a nuisance!

[*Strikes the box.*]

Look out, I've struck your box!

Randal.

Be easy with it—

Bare the top there.

[*They lift out Caspar's box.*]

Ralph.

'Tis not so heavy, at last.

Randal.

No matter—fill the hole up smoothly there—

[*Aside*] Curse the box, it seems to have grown more light.

[*Aloud*] Now lay hold there, and we'll make shift to meet

A prompt appointment on the beach with our
'Two lusty 'Longshoremen; and soon thereafter,
We'll cross the Bay, and place his widest girth
Betwixt us and this God-forsaken coast,
Whereon sits War, as vultures on their prey,
Beaking the flesh that caverns up the heart—
Tearing the vitals with their claws of steel—
And gloating as each feebler stroke denotes
The sure extinction of expiring life!
But enough of that—Come man, we'll on!

Ralph.

All right—I'm with you.

[*Exeunt, bearing the box between them.*]

SCENE III

Coast of the Bay, same as in Scene I of Act I.

The 'Wild Duck' hauled up: enter the two 'Longshoremen.

1st 'Longshoreman.

Comrade, was you ever in Nawth Caliny?

2d 'Longshoreman.

No! nor never will be, till conscripted
And drug down thah!

1st 'Longshoreman.

'That's me, except that I've been thah time-'n'-
agin.

I've runned blockade with Cap'n Wilkenson:
We runned the 'Lee' out onst 'thout any coal—
Nary hell, if we didn't!

2d 'Longshoreman.

You runned your grandam out!

1st 'Longshoreman.

No Suh, we used Caliny slate and slag,
And glued 'em up with cotton!

2d 'Longshoreman.

Glued up your grandam!

Come cut that yarn off short thah, comrade—
It's wellnigh time for them thah chaps to be hyuh;
I wish to have some talk on business.
I'm not inclined to shove a inch from sho',
Until I'm paid in money for this trip—
In goll or greenbacks, twenty dollahs, sho'.

1st 'Longshoreman.

All right: I'm with you: hyuh they come!

[*Enter Randal and Simpson, carrying the box.*]

2d 'Longshoreman.

The other end thah—heave her in—that way!

Randal.

Well now, my lads, shove out, and lose no time!
The night sets in, unveiled by mist or fog,
And though no moon rides in the fleecy vault,
The stars keep dancing in the shifting sky;
And the wind, with steady brace, blows from the
offing

Out toward the all-inviting stretch of sea;
The tide is rising, and all signs of heaven,
And earth, and water under them seem bright
And auspicious, for our departure seaward.
So shove away, my hearties!

2d 'Longshoreman.

It is not reason: we've our livin' to yearn!

1st 'Longshoreman.

Our livin' we've to yearn!

Randal.

Well then, shove out!

As soon as we shall touch the Chincoteague,
I'll pay you more than you've contracted for;
We waste the night: your pay is well assured;
Here is my box; think ye I have incurred
All risks without some treasure in this box?
Come, shove away, my lads!

1st 'Longshoreman.

The minit them two tens is planked, she glides!

Randal.

Now look ye, lads, I'm armed and desperate;
Come, let us get away from here forthwith!

2d 'Longshoreman.

No nary inch until the cash is paid!
Yo' pistol cannot scare a 'longshoreman.

Randal.

[*Aside*] This is perplexing:
I've not a cent in gold or silver with me.
[*Aloud.*] My friends, we may, at any moment
here,

Be surprised, and my treasure confiscated:
Get us out once to sea, and I'll pay you—
You shall have your reward: just paddle out!

2d 'Longshoreman.

Nary paddle, 'till we're paid!

1st 'Longshoreman.

Nary paddle!

Randal.

Well be it so: I'll ope this box and pay you:
But mark: revolver in my hand, I guard it,
And if there's one false motion made toward it,
I'll sweep the deck from stem to stern!

2d 'Longshoreman.

All right!

If when we're paid, we do not row you out,
Just shoot us down!

1st 'Longshoreman.

Jist shoot us down right quick!

Randal.

[To Simpson] Lend me a hand here and we'll pry
the top.

[They open the box and discover Caspar's Con-
federate Bonds.]

[Aside] Great Heaven! what have we here!

But under these there must be gold and silver!

[Throws the Bonds on deck: finds nothing else:
stamps on them.]

May all the foulest fiends of foulest depths
Seize on the fool that played for such a stake!
And damn to lower deeps this baseless trash—
These rotten leaves—this worse than waste paper
The very froth of public lunacy—
The very draft of insane self-befoulment!
O! was't for this—for this—you idiot,
You tempted me to fling your drivelling soul
Down to the fool's hell, where such dolts are
doomed?

But yesterday, I could have wished you were
Alive again: I would have given up
The whole—supposing all this solid gold—
Could you, escaping from the unknown clime,
Have claimed again your own! But not so now—
Back! back, to your infernal keepers, wretch,
And tell them that no crime so foul, but were
Surpassed in infamy by such a blunder!
Stand back from me now, ruffians!
I am a madman, and would rather spatter
Your brains about the timbers of your craft,
Than palter with you for one moment more!

Ralph.

Shove out the boat there 'Shoreman!

Randal.

Shove out? shove on! it matters not to me!
The first that dares to draw, and fire—let fly!
He'll find me more than ready to reply!

[*The 'Shoremen seize the oars: Randal leaps ashore and exit.*]

Ralph.

Well there's a spot o' work!
I thought him but a common blockade-runner,
And went for him as such:—confound the luck!
Did you not mark him? that man's a murderer!
A great big mist begins to roll away—
Whose bonds are these?

2d 'Longshoreman.

I 'spose that now they're ourn.

Ralph.

Gather them up and nail them in the box.
Then take them whither I direct.

2d 'Longshoreman.

Ha! ha!

We'll take them to your grandam!

1st 'Longshoreman.

Who're you to orduh us—their bonds is ourn.

Ralph.

Are they? attend to me, my lads, a moment:
See you yon crazy-looking gig out there?
Here take my glass, and watch her while I signal.
[*Ralph signals to a gig out beyond the offing.*]

2d 'Longshoreman.

Why that's a cutter, and she's tacking leeward.
That critter would ha' picked us up!

1st 'Longshoreman.

Nary hell!

Ralph.

Now here's a pass for you two 'Longshoremen.

[Pencils his name to a printed pass.]

To keep you out of service, while I need you;

Now take your choice: obey, or be conscripted.

The 'Longshoremen.

Conscripted!

Ralph.

Yes, conscripted! know you not

The meaning of the word?

2d 'Longshoreman.

Cap'n for God's sake, show a man a chance;

We will do anything you say.

Ralph.

Very well:

Take up these Bonds: I'll count, while you replace
them:

I'll put them in your charge; let none be lost:

[They replace the Bonds, and nail the top.]

[Aside] These Bonds were stolen: I make no
doubt of it

They have the tollgate-keeper's name on them:

An old ass: and that scamp perchance has killed
him.

[Aloud] Now boys, we'll shove to meet yon gig,

And when we make her, and I've boarded her,

Row for the Point, as I've directed you.

And take these Bonds to Captain Bain.

[Exeunt in the 'Wild Duck.']

SCENE IV

Camp 'Twelve Oaks,' near the Ruin; Tent of Colonel Matthews, with fly lifted toward the Bay: scenic effect picturesque.

Present, Matthews and his Orderly.

Matthews.

Boy, bring me here my glass, for in the Bay,
Out toward the Islands, sails a curious craft.

[Examines it with his glass.]

Mount horse, and quickly to the Signal post,
And hither ask an officer.

[Exit Orderly.]

A convoy she might be, but 'tis not likely;
She veers out now; now turns her head to land;
The Signal Corps must make report to me.
Now by my watch an hour yet remains
Before my officers in council meet;
Meanwhile I'll rest.

[Stretches himself on the tent floor, and sleeps.]

Enter Randal.

Randal.

[Aside] To dare—always to dare—that is my
maxim.

To pass a coward is to conquer him;
A brave man runs the race from end to end:
With more aggression, I will drive back fate!
First, yon good easy martinette, I'll put
On the wrong scent, and keep the pursuit hot:
Meanwhile the lover thus pursued by him,
Snared in the net of her own love, the mistress,
I will decoy, and bear beyond their reach:—
But this—all this, requires haste: here goes—
Colonel Matthews!

Matthews [starting.]

Here General! here, are those Dispatches safe!

* * * * *

Your pardon, Corporal; I did but dream,
And the mind o'ertaxed, while dwelling on one
object,

Sprang to its consummation in the land
Of visions: can I serve you anywise?

Randal.

'Tis not to serve myself I come, but you;
T' acquaint you with the knowledge accident
Betrayed to me, respecting Fauntleroy—
This information, startling as it is,
Comes all authenticated to my ears,
And when communicated, may lead you
Not only to just punishment of crime,
Most heinous, and unnaturally committed,
But may, for aught that I can say, reflect
Some light upon the subject of your dream,
Which I disturbed—

Matthews.

My dreams are not official,
Nor subject to discussion here: you know,
In visiting this coast, my orders were
To break up this unauthorized sea-trade:
You aided us: we thank you, Corporal;
The blockade-runner most notorious,
That Fauntleroy, we learn has left this coast,
Escaped, but driven from his wonted haunts,
Deterred, no doubt, in future from such traffic.

Randal.

Of him—this Clarence Fauntleroy—I come
To speak, and his most foul misdeed:
He had a partner—Fairfax Lamoir by name.

Matthews.

A partner? I see: yes, yes—and what of him?
Although my reasons may not be apparent,

I should much like to know his whereabouts,
And get, in some communicable form,
A clue to him; can you, good Corporal,
Assist me in this purpose?

Randal.

Alas! until some genius more than Morse
Invent a speech to worlds beyond our own,
Through unknown spheres of intermediate space,
Whereby the living voice to the dead sense
May speak, as spirits whisper unto ghosts,
You cannot more communicate with him!
Fairfax Lamoir is dead—not dead alone,
But, as I learn, is murdered!

Matthews [rising.]

Say you so?

Murdered? Now, by the gods, can I but find
The author of so foul a crime, my vengeance,
As swift as a court-martial can convene,
Shall follow him, and send him to consort
In spirit, with the Cains, and murderers,
Assassins, felons, and base wretches
Who in all ages have disgraced the form
And name of man!

Why say you—murdered!

Randal.

He had a partner, deeply dyed in guilt,
Named Fauntleroy, of whom you've made already
Ceaseless pursuit, mysteriously evaded;
I have good ground to brand him with this crime.
Of murdering by treachery your envoy—
I think his guilt can be established.

Enter Master Bain.

Bain.

Your service, Colonel! Your orderly
Brought me a message that you wanted me.

Matthews.

I sent for you to note a curious sail,
Which stood sometime upon the Bay, and then
Made for the shore: but you are opportune
In reference to another matter: the fate
Of poor Lamoir: have you heard aught of him?

Bain.

I have, and should desire your private ear.

Randal.

[*Aside*] The sky looks dark for me—this fellow
knows me.

Matthews.

Master, proceed with any revelation
Touching Lamoir: this Corporal is here
Upon that business: what tidings have you?

Bain.

Almost too sad for utterance—cruel
Beyond belief: he has been killed—murdered!

Matthews.

So much I have already heard conjectured;
Now have you proofs whereby to fix the guilt
Upon the actor in so base a crime?

Bain.

We have two witnesses—two 'longshoremen—

Randal.

[*Aside*] Aha! the coil about me seems to tight-
en!

Those 'shoremen have betrayed me!

Bain.

Who, though they did not see the deed enacted,
Saw evidence of circumstantial guilt.

Randal.

But mere suspicion cannot mount to proof!
Whom do these men suspect?

Bain.

It matters not; I have his name, and think
The murderer can be to justice brought.

Randal.

The name! the name! shall surmise mere and hint
Pass in so grave a charge for evidence?

Matthews.

You are excited Corporal: keep cool:
And Master Bain, you may go on forthwith,
And without hesitation, to relate
Such facts as tend to indicate the one
Whom you suspect: and first, his name?

Bain.

Is Clarence Fauntleroy!

Randal.

[*Aside*] Aha! now I breathe!

[*Aloud*] Had I not so announced the murderer?

Matthews.

You had; but still no evidence as yet,
Nor circumstance of guilt has been adduced:
What say your 'longshoremen?

Bain.

They say that yesterday at eve, they passed,
With muffled oars, a grotto on the Bay,
A much secluded spot, known but to few,
Frequented chiefly by this Fauntleroy,
And his confreres in running the blockade:
Here unobserved, they saw him and another
(A woman whom report ascribes to be
His future wife), lift up the dead Lamoir,
And place him in a skiff or shallop near,
And bear him thence away for burial,
Or some unknown and obscure resting place.
The twain, we learn, have sometime disappeared,
And have concealed themselves, thus bearing wit-
ness

Of consciences anticipating pursuit,
And manifesting self-accusing fear.

Randal.

Beyond all question, they had murdered him,
And these too plain conjectures mark the truth!

Matthews.

They shall be tested, and my life on it,
If guilt be proved, swift punishment shall follow:
And let me pray you, Master, spare no pains
And call on me for any force you need.
The hour appointed for a conference
With officers of my command draws near:
I bid you both good morning!

*[Exeunt Randal and Bain: enter Coke, Field,
and other officers.]*

Two days have passed, and yet no certain tidings
Of him who was to meet me here—Lamoir:
Ne'er stood dispatches more in hand than his:
The time is pressing—already on the James,
The thunder of the Federal guns resounds,
Thrown back by Richmond's outer battlements:
Fitz Lee curves round with cautious generalship,
To learn positions, numbers and designs,
While Stuart, Bayard of our Southern arms,
To draw attention from our main advance,
Drives headlong through th' alignment of the foe.
With figures, maps authentically drawn,
And plans, which from official sources gleaned,
Make up dispatches of great note, Lamoir
Wrote me that he would meet me on this coast.
And still no tidings of him yet, except
Untoward rumors of his taking off:
I question not but that the forward movement
Of fifty thousand men waits our report.
Meanwhile here comes a whisper that a force,
With Wyndham in command, has disembarked,
On Roanoke, and thence is marching North,
Attracted doubtless by our occupation.
I've called this council to consult our course.

Shall we return, bereft and barred of all
That we were trusted to secure?

Officers.

Never!

Matthews.

And yet we cannot stay, except for battle,
Upon the gage of which we may not venture.

Field.

They've one brigade, and we a regiment;
Say one to three—why not give battle?

Officers.

Let us attack!

Field.

The odds are such as we're accustomed to.
For on each Southern horse there rides the equal
Of Federal horsemen, three at least, or more!

Matthews.

Not *that*—not *that*—my gallant, patriot soldiers!
I know your value, and superior courage.
My orders are to listen, not to fight!
The horse are eyes and ears, not sabres only!
Our present purpose is more delicate—
Is more responsible, than simple combat:
The enemy's designs once understood,
The skilled commander strikes him unaware,
Unlocks his stratagem with his own key—
Prevents him, ere his plans mature for action.
Through secret cypher, invented by Lamoire,
Fitz Lee has learned the fulness of his knowledge.
It is most valuable: what shall we do?
What try the next?

Coke.

But one thing now remains—
Arrest this Fauntleroy! he may confess
His guilt, and purchase life by giving up
The lost dispatches—

Officers.

Good! that should seem best!

Matthews.

'Tis true; there seems much weight in that suggestion;

If only we can capture that brigand,
Which much I doubt; he has eluded us,
With wondrous—almost weird—sagacity.
But to the pursuit, still another day
I will forthwith devote; so to our saddles—
Orderly! my horse!

[Exeunt in different directions.]

ACT IV

SCENE I

A tent, between Camp 'Twelve Oaks' and the Ruin: Present, Col. Matthews, and staff: Capt. Coke, as judge advocate: Officers of Court-Martial: Fauntleroy arraigned: Master Bain: Randal Glaive: Watermen: Guard. Scenic effect anti-judicial.

1st Member of Court Martial.

What! Fauntleroy! Did he give himself up?

President.

He surely did—the desperate convict!

2d Member.

Well, could there be a stronger proof of 's guilt?

President.

Not possibly, unless he had escaped,

Or been arrested by an officer.

Coke.

The charges are in form, as specified:

The prisoner arraigned: now to the proofs.

1st Member.

Shall he have counsel?

President.

No! we are his counsel.

As justice of the County Court, I learned

The judge, at common law, was ever counsel

For prisoners.

2d Member.

Good sakes! I pray, what for?

President.

To see that none escape!

4th Member.

I do most surely like this mode of trial!

Where lawyers, with their codes, and forms, and
pleas,

Are got rid of; no perjury induced,

By having witnesses for prisoners—

No proofs but what shall tend to criminate—

Nothing abated, nor demurred to—

Certain conviction, and without delay,

And no continuance, nor pardon intervened.

3d Member.

Superb system; see what expense is saved!

4th Member.

Also, how few escape? excellent, excellent!

2d Member.

I wonder 'twas not had in time of peace!

Then all this study of the law—this wrangle—

Appeals, casars, and writs of fumblejig—

Could have been superseded!

1st Member.

And so it shall be introduced in peace!

Think you we shall learn nothing by this War?

I tell you nay—when once the War is closed,

You'll never hear of jury-law again,

Nor chancery, nor habeas corpus,

Nor all this idle talk of constitutions.

No lawyer shall get in the legislature;

We'll save the salaries of clerks, and judges,

And tippie-staves, and bailiwicks, and ushers.

Five honest men, unlearned like ourselves,

Shall rectify disputes by common sense,

And try all prisoners without delay,

To see that though the innocent may suffer,

The guilty never shall escape!

Coke.

Come, let the trial now proceed! What say
You, prisoner, guilty, or not guilty?

Fauntleroy.

I say not guilty! I—

President.

Then so you say—

No more: now to the proof and testimony.

5th Member [putting on his hat.]

How short the trial was! we are relieved,
Before the proof came in.

President.

What do you mean? the trial must proceed.

5th Member.

Why, did he not confess his innocence?
We surely cannot try him after that?

President.

Of course we may in military trials;
In civil life, I grant you we may not;
But on court martial, when the prisoner
Says '*not guilty*'—'tis much the same as '*guilty*,'
And scarcely any further proof's required.

3d Member.

See, now, how excellent the system is!

5th Member.

I yield to you; but would have sworn, apart
From your enlightenment, '*not guilty*' meant,
The prisoner, not having heard the proofs,
Confessed his innocence.

Coke.

The first witness

Is a 'Longshoreman (as they call themselves),
A late recruit into the Conscript Corps,
Who being sworn, will give his testimony.

President.

Let him proceed.

1st 'Longshoreman.

Last evening, it was,
Partner and me passed by the Sea-Cove,
On the 'Wild Duck,' and—

President.

Both on one wild duck!

Impossible!

Coke.

His boat, so named; proceed.

1st 'Longshoreman.

And on the beach we see the prisoner,
And another—a woman—

President.

What was the other woman's name?

1st 'Longshoreman.

The woman's name, I heard, was Mima Queen:
Mind ye, I do not say it was; I hearn so.
They two was liftin' in a skift a dead man—

President.

And did you ask the dead man for his name?

1st 'Longshoreman.

Nay; nathur did he tell us he were dead—

President.

How then did you two find it out?

1st 'Longshoreman.

Why by th' appearance of his looks—
The man and woman lift him in the skift,
And row him off to bury him, I s'pose:
The dead man was Lamoire; both me and partner
Had knew him well, and see him oft-an-over.
Clarence Fauntleroy—who yonder sets—
Was the man who uplift him from the beach,
And carry him away: and that is all
I know.

Coke.

And saw you any box, or papers?

Randal.

[*Aside*] He's getting too inquisitive for me!

1st 'Longshoreman.

No box, nor papers—nothing but a corpse.

Coke.

No names were, by you, heard pronounced?

1st 'Longshoreman.

No names were called: when they had rowed away,
We went back thah, and see upon the beach,
The print the dead man made upon the sand,
And found a curious Stone near thah,
Which them two may have dropped upon the
beach,

With writins on it, and a name.

Coke.

Whose name?

1st 'Longshoreman.

The writins I forget: the name was 'Randal
Glaive.'

Randal.

[*Wildly.*] Great God! if it could be the dead could
rise,

To burst the walléd grave's environments,
And unimprisoned, walk this earth again,
I should rejoice to see Fairfax Lamoir
Break from his sleep of death, or doom—
Rejoice? 'tis said: rejoice! Hell do thy worst!
I say rejoice! I should *rejoice!* REJOICE!

Coke.

What interruption's this? Guard do your duty!

1st Guardsman.

Room at the door! the Corporal has fainted.

President.

'Tis plainly a contempt of court!

Coke.

Let him be taken hence: witness proceed:
Where is this stone?

1st 'Longshoreman.

My comrade has it, Cap'n.

And now I've told you all I know to tell.

President.

It is enough; we're ready to convict.

Coke.

The court will now retire for consultation.

[Exeunt, President, and members of Court Martial.]

Meanwhile, the Guard remove the prisoner,
And we will strike this tent, no longer needed,
And back to camp, to wait on Colonel Matthews.
[Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE II

Tollhouse: outer room; Present: Caspar and Mima.

[Cry outside.]

Gate! Hello Gate!

Caspar.

There Mima! run to the gate quickly, while I
put away this one hundred thousand dollar Con-
federate Bond!

Mima.

Father, do I look nice enough? My hair has
fallen down—what shall I do?

Voice outside.

Gate here! Gate!

Caspar.

Why Mima dear, there's a whole company of
them. I hear them talking—run child, run!

[Exit Mima.]

Now I will not go to that door at all, or I shall,
in common politeness, be compelled to ask them
in to dinner—the whole of them—when, upon my
word, there's but three beans in the house, and

two ounces of cold hominy, and one drachm of cold middling. I bought these for Confederate money, this morning, at a bargain. Let me see; here is the memorandum: three beans at ten dollars each, thirty dollars; one drachm of middling or breakfast bacon, at five dollars the pennyweight; two ounces of cold hominy at forty dollars the ounce, eighty dollars; there now's a dinner for the king, with only an expenditure of one hundred dollars of the people's money! Only one hundred dollars of national faith pledged for such a meal as that! What an art this Finance is! Caleb! Caleb! Caleb! how much am I indebted to thee! Jones! Jones! Jones! what a profound teacher of the laws of currency!

[*Enter Mima.*]

My child, your cheeks are flushed, what is the matter?

Mima.

Impudent thing!

Caspar.

What is it, my daughter? What is the difficulty, or, differently expressed, what ails you?

Mima.

O, nothing seriously; only that Colonel Matthews, presuming upon his rank, never fails to surfeit me with flattery, and even offered to kiss me! Impudence!

Caspar.

Well, when he passes next, I will go myself, and let the upstart know he is dealing with a gentleman's daughter—one whose mother was a Fitzburg, and her grandmother a Forrester!

Mima.

O, do not worry, Father; I do not mind him; he was perfectly gentlemanly about it.

Caspar.

But I do mind him, and he shall hear from me, if he pass again.

What about the toll, my child?

Mima.

There were forty-five horses, and he told me to charge it to Jeff. Davis.

Caspar.

Very well, hand me my daybook, and I will make the entry.

[Writes in his daybook.]

By the way, Mima, I wonder if these two men are honest, Jeff Davis, and Abe Lincoln? I have a large account against each of them—not less than a half a million of dollars apiece, in Confederate money. You do not suppose there is any danger of their repudiating a just debt like that, do you?

Mima.

I am sure, I do not know, Papa; stranger things have happened.

Caspar.

I did not suppose you knew, my dear; but what do you think—what is your belief, opinion, judgment, surmise, inference, prediction, predication, prognostication, guess, reckoning, fancy, or calculation—which is the same thing, there being no difference in their several meanings? Do you not think the Constitutions reprehend repudiation?

Mima.

My opinion is that if the Constitutions authorize the presidents to pay toll, it should be paid as a Constitutional debt; and, if otherwise, then it is obvious that toll cannot be paid by them, under the Constitutions; and also my belief is that I love

a dear old gentleman very much, and must go and prepare a Confederate dinner for him.

[*Exit Mima.*]

Caspar [solus]

She is right on the Constitutional point, beyond any question. By the way, what a smart girl it is! but a perfect little infidel on finance. Well, I've made up my mind to one thing: she shall never marry a man who would consent to exchange Confederate Bonds for gold or silver! Never! Of the two nuisances, silver is the least, but is bad enough. When I give that child away at the altar, it must be to a man that believes in my financial policy, or Caleb Jones's, which is the same thing—

[*A knock is heard.*]

Come in!

[*Enter Uncle Jess.*]

Uncle Jess.

Bress yo' soul! Mast. Kyasper, Mast. Clarence gone and giv' he self up! I thought I raise dat chile right, de best I could, cordin' to 's natral understandin'; but he done give he self up to be shot! And dey gwine to shoot him sho'—dey ain't got no better sense!

[*Enter Caleb Jones.*]

Caleb.

O Caspar! this news astounds me; we must save your young friend; what can be done?

Caspar.

O! that he'd stuck to our own currency, and not gone forth after foreign gold!

[*Enter Mima.*]

Caleb.

Mima, your friend (and mine for your sake), Clarence Fauntleroy, has given himself up, to be tried upon a false charge of murdering one Fairfax Lamoire, who, it is charged, was slain upon this

coast while bearing dispatches for the Government.

Mima.

Impossible! Impossible! why, Lamoir is not dead at all! Or if dead, has died since yesterday morning; which is indeed most likely, as he was in great extremity by wounds whose origin he was in too sore a strait to explain. Clarence and I found him—

Caleb.

I know it all from Jesse, who has managed by some stratagem to communicate with Clarence.

Mima.

But is he then in danger? Then will I not linger here! where may I find him! Come Jesse, lead the way!

Caleb.

Be patient now a moment while I lay down our plans—

Caspar.

Give 's a theory! Give 's a system!
O Caleb! a scheme!

Caleb.

Listen now: Instructed by Jesse how to seek, I will find Lamoir, if still alive, and take his dying declaration; if dead, I'll get the testimony of his nurse, and if possible procure her presence; meanwhile you must anticipate the action of the Court-martial; they will surely find him guilty proof or no proof: such courts are organized to convict. The sentence cannot be carried out, however, without the approval of the General commanding. You, Mima, must hurry to Chafin's Bluff, where General Wise encamps, and should the sentence have reached there, make your statement, and urge delay; and Caspar, do you see Col. Matthews, and pray his disapproval

of the finding; or at all events procure postponement till we can marshal our proofs of Fauntleroy's innocence. Not a moment's to be lost; let each address himself to his task.

Mima.

I will go away at once; Jesse shall accompany and guide me!

Jesse.

Dat he will, chile; de Lord know he gwine wid you, sho'!

Caspar.

I will present Col. Matthews with a gilt-edged copy of my essay on the Confederate Funding Act: that will melt a heart of stone!

Caleb.

Let us away!

[Exeunt in different directions.]

SCENE III

Camp 'Twelve Oaks,' tent of Col. Matthews; the Court re-assembled; Coke; Matthews and Staff; Fauntleroy; Randal Glaive, as Sergeant Johnson; Guard.

Coke.

The evidence being now all in, the tent
For consultation will be forthwith cleared,
And verdict given as by law ordained.

Randal.

Had I permission of the Court and Judges,
And yours, Judge Advocate, I would this much
Suggest; the testimony has disclosed
There was, in this most foul, unnatural crime,
An accomplice not yet to trial brought;
I would propose a squad be sent t' arrest,
And hither bring this woman, Mima Queen.

Coke.

We have no time to linger here on this;
My information urges us to haste;
And correspond my orders.

Fauntleroy.

Ye Soldiers, Judges, Officers, and men!
I call you witness that I have not asked
For any hearing in mine own behalf,
Albeit that my life hung in the scale.
Accused of murdering my bosom friend,
Who, though assaulted, is not dead at all,
Or if he be, has died quite recently,
Of injuries in which I had no hand—

President.

Come, cut it short! Shall it be said the culprit
Has made the only speech in his conviction?

Coke.

The time is very urgent, and admits
Of no delay: what further needs be said,
Let it be spoken quickly and in nature,
Diverse from comment on the evidence.
The pris'ner cannot testify.

3d Member.

Mightn't it
Be written out, and at the funeral read?

2d Member.

I do not understand the law permits
A man to speak before his execution;
After, the question is—'What hast to say
Why sentence ought not to have been pro-
nounced?'

4th Member.

It is so with your jury; but this man
Is not a soldier.

3d Member.

That's true: were he a soldier,
He could not by the martial law be tried:

Unless, indeed, in South America.
In this country, civilians only can—
And women—by the military law
Be punished, hung, and executed.

Fauntleroy.

O, Judges! for the love of Christ above,
And as you hope redemption by His blood,
Hear me but briefly—for one moment only—
Not for myself, or life (I do protest):
But for a woman, pure and innocent,
Most falsely charged with crime—

Randal.

I have suggestion made to further justice:
Which, as to me it seemed, was worthy thought:
I offer now to bring within your power,
Without delay, th' accomplice of this crime.
You have but little noted in this war
The power of woman, and the part she plays,
Not to foresee with moral certainty,
That if this man have intercept dispatches
Whose value to Confederate arms appeared,
He has as surely trusted them to her—
His accomplice, whom I've already named:
Speak but the word, and send a guard with me,
And I will answer for her presence here.

Fauntleroy.

Again I do implore you hear me speak!
This man's malevolence I cannot fathom:
Perchance 'tis misconception on his part—
For that Lamoir we found upon the beach,
And bore to shelter, I do not deny:
Or that since then he's doubtless gone to rest:
But of the crime, or misadventure else,
If such it were, whereby he met his wounds,
I nothing knew nor learned—

President.

These imprecations have no manner o' weight

With such an able court as this, composed
Of strictly military men, and bent
On justice sternly executed!

5th Member.

Ay, sternly!
And 'gainst all conscience of your civil law!

Coke.

We waste the day! Attention guard! Remove
The prisoner, and let the tent be cleared!

Fauntleroy.

Then be it so! and may the Great, Just God
To whom I now appeal to vindicate
My innocence, protect the maiden whom
This false accuser vilifies; else may
His retribution and his curse pursue—

[*Exeunt Guard with Fauntleroy, and all except*

Coke, and the Court.]

President.

How say you, Judges! is the prisoner
Guilty as charged or innocent?

1st and 2d Members.

Guilty!

3d Member.

And I concur!

4th Member.

Affirmative!

5th Member.

O, yes!

President.

The sentence is unanimously rendered,
The prisoner is guilty of the charge
As specified. The penalty is death,
At such time as the Colonel appoint.
Let Coke communicate our finding to him:
I solemnly adjourn this Court for dinner!

Coke.

Should Matthews sign this sentence with approval
He'll forward it to General Wise commanding.
Should messenger be needed, I'll select
As such, our Sergeant Johnson, knowing well
His energy and rapid movement—
On his return, if still the time allow,
He shall be sent to seize, and hither bring
This woman, Mima Queen, who by this Court
Being still to try, the same is not disband,
But held already organized for trial
Of all concerned in this most foul misdeed—
Till then, address us to our several duties.

[Exeunt in different directions.]

ACT V

SCENE I

Chafin's Bluff, South of Richmond, overlooking the James; at the door of General Wise's tent; present, General Henry A. Wise, and Colonel Tabb, his adjutant; tents covering the height; effect historical.

Wise.

Read me that of Sir William Jones again.

Tabb [reading.]

‘What constitutes a State?’

Wise.

That's wrong: th' accent
Is on the middle word: what *constitutes*!
The state exists—is governed, well or ill;
But wherein lies her substantive of being—
Her power, beauty, strength and constitution;
What *constitutes* the State? Commence again.

Tabb.

‘What *constitutes* a State?

Not highrais'd battlement, or labor'd mound,

Thick wall, or moated gate:

Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd;

Not bays and broad arm'd ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride:

Not stars, and spangled courts,

Where lowbrow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride:

No! Men, highminded men,

With powers as far above dull brutes imbued,
In forest, brake or den,
As hearts excel cold rocks, and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,

Prevent the longaim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain!
These constitute a State!

Wise.

Ay, these do constitute: and 'Sov'reign Law,'
I think the poet adds, if I remember rightly—
(The Fundamental Law, or Constitution)—
'Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.'

Tabb.

With deference, there seems to me a question
Behind all these of no less vital import:
These constitute: but what preserves the State?
For what avails the State's construction mere,
Without a force preservative somewhere,
Which gives to Law its power to continue,
And to the mass some principle to guide,
Whereby their aim conserves the general good,
Through long succession of their civil rights,
From year to year, through age to ages still!

Wise.

The poet leaves unsung, you would suggest,
This question; what *preserves* a State? I'll answer:
Great deeds; the monumental deeds of fame,
Which history says shall never be forgot;
Great thoughts, like bolts of electricity,
That strike their mark, and rive where'er they
strike;

Great aims, high o'er the heads of common men,
Like shipmasts in the van of toiling fleets,
Or banners planted on far battlements;
Great faith, which baffled oft, is not reprov'd,

But presses on to consummation sure;
Great love of truth, to keep the conscience square,
As bolts the dial level to the sun;
Great enterprise, great energy, great action;
Great courage, which fears not to undertake,
And having undertaken, will achieve,
Not waiting to be fanned by fortune's wing,
But hewing with a godlike arm through fate;
Great faults, from error wrested by the force
Of will, and made subservient to virtue;
Great love, broad as the race, deep as their fate,
And beautiful as the arc of God in heaven—
*These make Great Men: Great Men preserve the
State!*

[*Enter an Orderly.*]

Orderly.

A person wishes, at the door, to see you.

Wise.

I am engaged!

[*Exit Orderly.*]

The times are out of joint;

And art, and eloquence, and poesy

Foregone, the fair humanities take flight—

[*Re-enter Orderly.*]

Orderly.

The person stays to see you still!

Wise.

Tell him to go to hell!

Orderly.

It is a woman.

Wise.

Tell her to go to heav'n!

By all the gods!

And by the memory of Troy and Helen,

Mark Antony, and Egypt's sorceress—

The frail Aspasia, and th' immortal Greek;

The enemy, if he desire my arms,

Let him but send a woman who can weep,
And she shall have my sword or see my back!
I will retreat: look you to her.

[*Exit within the tent: Enter Mima Queen.*]

Mima.

General!

I come before you as a suppliant
For one to me endeared from youth, although
Bound by no tie save that of simple love,
Confessed with mutual pledge of constancy,
And who upon a false report arraigned
And by a military court convict,
And by false swearing thus encompassed round,
Will soon, unless your mercy intervene,
Be executed in some dreadful form.

Tabb.

Of what command, or regiment is he?

Mima.

Of none; he is a simple citizen:
But yet by espionage upon the foe,
And bringing information to our lines,
He has achieved much service to the cause,
And with the signal corps stands in repute—

Tabb.

His name?

Mima.

His name is Clarence Fauntleroy.

Tabb.

You are too late! the General has acted
Upon his case, and countersigned approval.
One Sergeant Johnson brought the verdict here,
And said there was great haste, as the command
Was on the eve of striking tents to march.
Two hours since, the sentence was approved,
And Johnson bore it hence,

Mima.

My God! and is this true, that you
Have with indecorous, indecent haste,
A warrant given to this ruthless murderer?
And you a general! with sacred trust
To guard the citizen, uphold the law,
A thousand plagues upon such generals—
O! me, O! me, O! me—

Is there no hope?

Tabb.

I'm not, my maid, the General, at all,
But have authority to speak for him—

Mima.

Away, then! I will see the General!
Conduct me to him, as you are a man,
A gentleman—a soldier—or a Christian!
How can you slay a private citizen,
By martial court—a travesty of justice!

[*Re-enter Wise.*]

Wise.

From out the mouths of babes and sucklings flows
True wisdom; and this girl has smote the rock;
If he was not in military service,
And by no jury tried, 'twas not '*due process*!'—
And by the glory of a risen God—
By sacrifice of priests, apostles, prophets,
Evangelists, and martyrs, saints and druids—
By centuries of English liberty—
By all the blazonry of *fleur de lis*,
Sunburst, and oriflamme, and tri-color—
By birth-throes, one by one, of Liberty,
Impregn'd by chartered Freedom, as her god—
The magna charta, and the bill of rights,
And writ of person, wrested from the King;
By our traditions, struggles, ancestors—
And all the travail of the patriot-fathers—
By burning plowshares over which they trod—

And by that solemn Declaration, which
Uprearing its imperishable shaft
In history, is only incomplete
In this; because it is inscription all,
And must its marble find within the breast
Of universal, and admiring man—
By Adams, Mason, Henry, and by him,
Who from the morning's womb, autochthonous,
Sprang godlike, as a child of dawn, to make
His country free—Immortal Washington—
May God do so to me, and more—when I
Forget the Constitution of my country!

—————Take you the pen and write:

[*Tabb writes to the dicta-
tion.*]

'Let him be silenced, who would silence law!
The Constitution still is paramount;
Therefore you will release by special order,
Forthwith, the pris'ner Clarence Fauntleroy,
And leave the civil courts to deal with him
By trial of his peers and vicinage;
And this by order of the General
Commanding this Department:

'HENRY A. WISE,
'Brig. General.'

Now countersign as adjutant, and let
The dove o'ertake the raven, if she can!
Come, little maid, no thanks to me—thank God!
[*Raises Mima who has fallen at his knees.*]

Now put that on my tomb: one act today,
Which, were it once recorded in a book,
The sponge of time should not prevail against!

[*Exit—re-entering his tent. Tabb, who has been
writing, hands Mima a package.*]
Mima.

Thank God? I will! that one unconquered man

Adorns the age, to vindicate His plan—
And thanking, pray that He may wing my flight,
To save my love from death, despair, and night!
[*Exit Mima; Tabb retires into the tent.*]

SCENE II

Coast of the Bay, the same as in Act I.

[*Mima and Uncle Jess haul up in a Skiff.*]

Mima.

Alack-a-daisy! Uncle Jess, angel
Of my journey, and genie of my fate,
I feel so happy that we've made this land,
That I could almost push you in the Bay!

Uncle Jess.

Noo-hoon!
Child, don't you go apushin' me!
I got to *carry you a good mile yit,
And dat afo' de clock knock ten.

Mima.

Now, Jesse, do not frighten me again;
It was a weary, blackbrowed night we spent,
And I have never closed these heavy eyes
Between the dusk of eve, and dawn of morn.
Come, never mark the skiff—let us away!

[*Enter Randal Glaive as Sergeant Johnson with
a squad of soldiers, the two Longshoremen, as
Conscripts, among them.*]

Randal.

Ah! here they are! Surround the boat, and seize it!
[*The Soldiers seize the skiff.*]

*So used in Virginia for *conduct*, by all classes.

Mima.

What means this cowardly assault upon me—
A lonely woman, without protection save
Her sole companion—this old faithful slave!

Randal.

I will explain to you your own misfortune.
[*Jumps in the boat.*]

But let the guard retire; and you, old man,
Go with the squad.

Jess.

Noo-hoon!

Indeed, I couldn't—not for nuffin!
I made a promise not to leave dat child—

Randal.

Guard, take him off!

[*They approach Jesse.*]

Mima.

Go with them, Jess; 'tis but a few steps off;
I shall be near, and you in sight.

[*Jesse retires with the Guard, gesticulating.*]

Now, Sir, in haste explain this grave detention;
Moments are life and death; say what you wish,
And let me go!

Randal.

That you have heard of Fauntleroy's conviction
I do not doubt, nor that you know him guiltless;
But your own danger may have escaped your ears;
The proof against him implicated you,
As you were with him, when 'twas said he slew
Lamoire; false you will say? no doubt of that,
But not the less in consequences fearful.
They now demand your trial by court-martial,
That your conviction may companion his.
Feigning to swell indignant at the crime,
I volunteered to go in search of you,
That I might warn you secretly of danger,
And take you to a safe and sure retreat.

But you are wrestling with some secret passion.
Why this impassioned haste—explain yourself?

Mima [drawing a package from her bosom.]

I have a package here for Fauntleroy,
That nullifies the finding of the court,
Which so unjustly sentenced him to death;
This gives him life again, and liberty.
O! do not stay me here! You say you've come
With guard, and order to enforce my presence;
Obey your orders! Take me quickly hence,
And to the spot where Fauntleroy was tried—
'Tis all I ask—

Randal.

But think of your own danger;
'Twould be to lead you to your sacrifice—

Mima.

Nay, but I ask—beseech it—pray for it!
I count as nothing my own risk, or danger:
Let us away! he may be dragged to death,
While we are parleying.

[Moves toward the shore—Randal intercepts her.]

Randal.

We have full time, if you will only hear me—
I can save *him*; and, what to me is more,
Ten thousand multiples of more,
I can save *you*.

Do you not know me, Mima?

I am the chaplain, Felix Moss; this garb
Assumed for you; since hearing of your danger
(Arising from the source I've just explained),
The thought of saving you has taken hold
Upon my soul; I love you more than life!

Mima.

Away! Talk not to me of love!

Randal.

But, darling, hear me just a moment more.
For your own sake; if not for yours, for *his*:

Although your manner is 'as cold as winter,
Your presence is as welcome to my soul,
As frost to fever-stricken cities is!
I can save Fauntleroy; I will dispatch
Your package by a chosen messenger—

Mima.

No, no! No hands but these,
Weak though they be, and tremulous with doubt,
Must bear this casket to its destiny—

Randal.

Hear me; select the messenger yourself;
Be it your faithful body servant, Jesse,
And let the guard return with him to camp;
They have the COUNTERSIGN; you have it not,
And lacking it, your enterprise is fruitless;
I will not further you, nor take, nor send,
Into the cruel, rav'nous jaws of death!

Mima.

What would you have me do?

Randal.

Speak but the word—that you will fly with me,
And I will send your Jessc instantly—
In time—all safe—and Fauntleroy is free!

Mima.

Never!

I do not love you—dare not fly!

Randal [looks at his watch.]

Then you will doom your Fauntleroy to death!
I will recall the guard, and here remain,
Until the time appointed has expired!
I will save you, though you condemn your friend!

Mima.

O, God!

And is there, then, no way but this?

Randal.

But forty minutes by the watch are left!

Mima.

Then have it as you say! Send off the pardon—
O, quick! and heaven speed, like light or sound,
Your messenger.

[*Hands him Wise's countermand.*]

Let Jesse take it—faithful Jesse!

And Thou, O God! who knowest all our thoughts,
And sawest motives, when Thou madest light
Of old, more plainly than the soul itself,
Wherein they germinate: forgive this step,
If pardon it should need, whereby I buy
The life of him I love—and for him die!

Randal.

Ah, soon upon a happier coast we'll land.
From off this waste, and scuttled scope of sand,
And then I'll win your love, whate'er betide,
And Mima, won from death, shall be my bride!
Ho, Guard! advance!

[*The Guard advances to the prow of the boat.*]

Attention! Jesse, your mistress not enabled
To penetrate our lines with her dispatch,
Intrusts it to your care; the guard will go,
And see you safely into camp.

[*Randal hands Jesse the approved sentence, which
he has dexterously exchanged for the counter-
mand given him by Mima.*]

Mima.

Fly, fly, at once, my faithful Jess!
Tell Clarence he will never see me more,
But all my heart and soul are with him still;
Let him be saved—enjoy his liberty;
His Mima gives her life to set him free!

Randal.

Guard, into camp—and double-quick!
Jess, see you to your package there!
'Shoremen, advance and to your posts at once;
You are relieved from Conscript-service now,

Your muskets in the sea, your face to prow;
Ha, ha! strike out, strike fast, across the Bay,
Over the water blue, away, away!
[*Exeunt in appropriate directions.*]

SCENE III

The Sea-grotto, as in Scene I of Act III.

[*A boat drawn up, with Randal and the two 'Long-shoremen asleep; Mima.*]

Mima.

Ah, well-a-day! now do they rest in sleep,
Their struggle over with the angry waves,
Which rose in fury to the very welkin;
I—only I—defy the charms of sleep!
My eyes refuse to seal their fountains up;
Or, shut by force, they leave unclosed the gates
Of wakeful, and corroding, anxious thoughts.
What was there in this old familiar coast,
That gave us shelter, and secure retreat,
When every Island, girdled with its foam
Of reefs, and breakers, barred us at arms-length?
Was it that I have loved thy sacred soil,
Dear Mother, so that the dumb elements
Themselves took pity on my state, and sat
In council to resist my exodus?
That I have purchased a most noble life—
That I have saved my love, the innocent—
This comforts me. Why should I not escape?
Can there be any tie of conscience,
Should cable my unwilling spirit here?
No, no! the *sea* has answered this already!
Let these exhausted 'shoremen sleep; let him

(Who doubtless loves me), in his garments
drenched,
Repose; I'll leave my benisons, and seek
My father's house.

* * * * But here's a package
Fall'n from his pocket while he lay asleep;
I'll place it on his breast;

[*Takes up the countermand, which has fallen
from Randal; recognizes it.*

God's ministers of death! What have we here!
The countermand?

O Pity! Horror! Vengeance!
O, Fiend! that didst deceive me, and betray!
I will anticipate the law—

[*Takes his knife from his breast.*]

I will repay.
If Clarence Fauntleroy has died (and that,
He must have died, this perfidy attests),
So shalt thou die, his murderer!

[*Enter Jesse from shore, and catches her arm.*]
Jesse.

Noo-hoon!

Mima.

What, Jesse here! Clarence—is he alive?
If not, release, and let his murderer die!

Jesse.

Noo-hoon! dat ain't agwine to do at all.
You drap dat knife, my chile, and come wid me.

[*Carries her ashore in arms: exeunt in the cave.
After an interval, enter Simpson and the
Conscription Detail.*]

Ralph.

Easy, my men, without awaking them!
Seize him! seize him! Seize Randal Glaive!
The others are not dangerous!

[*They fall on Randal, and disarm him after a
struggle.*]

Randal.

What! Scoundrels! Villains! Rebel cutthroats!

Ralph.

Aha! I have you this time Randal Glaive!

Randal.

Away, you dog! I talk to your superiors!

Ralph.

All right! I've done my part, now let the rope
Or rifle-crack, converse with you, for me.
I say you 'Shoremen come quickly along,
And it will be the better for you both.
I've but to blow on you for two deserters,
To make your chances to be shot today,
Almost as good as Randal Glaive's!

1st 'Longshoreman.

Come Cap'n, do for God's sake show a man
A chance!

2d 'Longshoreman.

Do show a fellow some small chance!

Ralph.

Be quiet then, and doublequick to camp—
I can not swear I saw you two desert,
And if you'll promise to remain—all right.

1st 'Longshoreman.

'Fo' God—

Ralph.

No more! Forward my men to camp!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Hall in the Ruin, same as in Scene III of Act II.

*Present: Fauntleroy, under guard; Caspar Queen;
Members of the Court Martial; Coke, and
some officers; Guard, etc.*

Coke.

The Colonel, although absent himself,
(On duty, which his vigilance demands),
Has, with the kindness which ennobles him,
Desired to gratify the prisoner,
Young Fauntleroy, in matter of a whim
He has conceived, and pressed with urgent suit:
He wished for some retreat, wherein to calm
His thoughts, and make his prayerful peace with
God:

The Colonel thought it fit to send him here,
Within this old and war-dismantled ruin;
A spot suggestive of his cause of death;
For like a waste, deserted tenement,
So is the mind that virtue has abandoned.
Moreo'er this also has been yielded him:
That just before the fatal hour knells,
(Which has been fixed for one, and so announced
At dress-parade, in presence of the line),
He should have audience of the officers,
Who bear commission in the regiment.
And so 'tis ordered: Sergeant, bring him in!

[Exeunt Sergeant with Guard.]

President.

I pray his speech be very short—I hunger.

1st Member.

It needs be short; for no true gentleman
Would keep men waiting when, through courtesy,
They do attend to see him shot.

3d Member.

I have not tasted brandy since eleven!

[*Enter Guard, with Fauntleroy.*]

Fauntleroy.

[*Aside*] The hatchway open! 'Tis strange!

What means it?

[*Aloud*] Judges, Officers, and Fellow-men!

Condemned to death on unsubstantial proof,

Without that calm, deliberate, impartial,

Judicial balancing of testimony,

Whereby is glorified the name of law,

And justified its punishments as sanctions;

To front you once again before I die,

Is mine: not that I'd importune for life,

In any mode unmanly, or amiss:

But yet, I tell you, I am innocent;

Your sentence an unrighteous one;

This can I say, and will say, to the last!

When said, I've finished for mine own behalf:

But for another, I have something yet:

Which, by your leave and patience, I will urge;

I speak now for a woman: let the cause

Awake to life your sensibilities!

You cannot treat the woman, as you may

The man: and why? because she is not man!

We cannot refute God by sophistry;

That treatment which to man may be excused,

In times of blood, wherein a holocaust

Is each day offered at the shrine of war—

Brought home to woman, finds no such relief

From crime, because of war, or civil strife;

No war legitimately murders woman;

Her life upon that issue is not staked:

I tell you now that Mima Queen is guiltless:

Let her alone! I care not for myself:

But for her, Officers! again I urge

Beware of touching woman's sacred life!

Else history will hear of it, and hearing,
Will never spare to publish to the world,
And after times; and, be he who he may,
That did the deed, thro' all the ages, Fame
With shame shall tarnish his life-history,
Which otherwise, she might have handed down
Embalmed in glory, glamour, and renown!
Now, Judges! I have done!—
But if there be a chaplain here, or other,
Who can petition God with upright face,
I ask a prayer for me unto His Throne!

Coke.

My feelings are wrought to the point of prayer,
But habit seals my lips—if any here
Will pray, he has my leave, and thanks.

Caspar Queen.

It shall not be that I, for one, stand mute
What time my friend has asked a prayer to God;
Imperfect though they be, my thoughts ascend,
And if permitted, I will follow them
With voice of invocation.

Coke.

So be it then; let every knee be bowed,
And we will reverently join—

The Prayer.

Caspar Queen.

O, God! the Author of all currencies,
Whereby are interchanged the fruits of mind,
The soul's productions, and the spirit's wares,
Give me in simple form such words as counters,
That I may with Thine ear exchange a prayer;
This youth hath need of Thee—for he is young,
And frail, bowed down, and at the gate of death,
He needs a temper reconciled to die;
He needs a heart responsive to Thy will;

He needs, for this his passion, Thine own Spirit;
The old do reconcile themselves to death;
The end is reached, and nature seeks repose;
Not so with youth, whose nerves do steel them-
selves

Against the threat of premature decay;
They cannot brook the thought of dissolution—
'Tis like a bird that flies against a wall—
To curb a high career by sudden death!
O, woe is man that he was born to die!
But joy! that Thou Eternal Father, throwest
Upon his path, his issues, and his fate,
Illumination swift, effulgent, startling,
Starlit, yet of the morning's bath of dew;
Mysterious as twilight, bright as dawn;
From mountains glancing, yet of vales the joy;
Immortal, cheerful, past all bound of thought;
Healing with balm from far off Gilead;
So may this Light irradiate the way
That this condemnèd youth approaches now,
That open-visioned, like a seer of God,
He may walk star-paths, into golden gates,
Through holier places, and celestial spheres,
Out of this realm of sadness—out of this land of
tears!

Coke.

Amen!

All Voices.

Amen!

[*While they are kneeling Mima rises on the trap-
door, which noiselessly springs to its place.*]

Mima.

So be it not!

Here is an answer better than your prayer!
Condemned by man, God has, through man, re-
prieved!

[*Holds the Countermant aloft.*]

President.

O gracious Heaven! a ghost!

5th Member.

A ghostess!

[*Exeunt President and Court pell-mell.*]

Coke.

Look to the prisoner! here is a plot!

Caspar.

O! jubilate Deo! jubilate!

'Tis neither ghost, nor apparition dread,

But only *in persona propria*,

My daughter, Mima, whose most timely visit

Bodes some response in favor to our prayer—

Mima.

No, plot, Captain, but only counterplot

To meet the wiles of foul conspiracy

Against the cause of truth, of law and justice!

Here is a package destined for your Colonel,

Which bears upon its face the stamp of law,

And negatives your brutal travesty.

[*Hands him the package, which he reads.*]

Coke.

[*Aside*] 'Tis genuine: this comes of civil generals

Who spank the god of war with dictionaries!

[*Aloud*] This order is for Matthews; I will give
it—

Meanwhile the pris'ner on parole will stand

Released from actual custody. Madam!

Reserve your fire for target more deserving,

For I am complaisance itself; good-day!

[*Exit with Guard and other officers who salute*

Mima as they pass out.]

Clarence.

Come to these arms, preserver of a life—

Not worth your purchase at so large a price

As a single tear from angel-eyes like yours—

My love! my heart! my life! my hope! my pride!

What! but a moment since, so brave and strong—
And now so weak, so timid—?

[A noise is heard under the floor.]

Caspar.

Children! is that an earthquake rumbling thus?

Mima.

No; I forgot our ever faithful Jesse!
He's still below; who will descend for him?

Clarence.

Perish all hope, when I forget that friend!

[He descends as before.]

Caspar.

Well, well—ten thousand thanks to God, for this!
For mark you, though I prayed that boy to heaven
It was conditional; and I still held
A secret inexpressed reserve of prayer
That God would rescue him in His own time,
And so my prayer was answered, Mima!

[The trap-door rises with Clarence and Jesse.]

Jubilate Deo! Jubilate Deo!

Jess.

Donce de jubilee-o! dat I will for sho'!

*[Clarence and Mima embrace; Caspar and Jesse
dance—tableau vivant.]*

SCENE V

*Col. Matthews's tent: President and Judges of the
Court Martial; Capt. Coke, and other officers;
Ralph Simpson, Caleb Jones, Caspar Queen;
Randal Glaive arraigned, and under guard; 3d
'Longshoreman; the Guard, etc.*

Coke.

Officers of the military court!
The General has disapproved your finding
Regarding Clarence Fauntleroy; moreo'er,

New evidence has proved him innocent,
And pointed to another as the culprit;
One who was a large instrument in urging
The trial and conviction of the first;
It only now remains to try the second,
Whom to arraign I now forthwith proceed:
So: Randal Glaive stand up before your Judges:
And Judges, look upon the prisoner;
For the murder of one Fairfax Lamoir,
On or about the tenth of August last,
The second year of our Independence,
You are arraigned; how say you, guilty or not?

President.

He answers not.

Coke.

Therefore, we plead for him
As by the military code required;
His plea is *not guilty*; the charge is here,
With items specified—

1st Member.

I move the reading be dispensed!

President.

'Tis carried, and the reading is dispensed,
We'll to the proofs, without delay.

2d Member.

Might we not use, in turn, our last finding,
By scratching out the other fellow's name,
And writing what-d'-y'-call-im's, in its stead?
It would save time.

5th Member.

It seems to me blank forms of condemnation
Should be prepared, and kept on hand for us.
When I a board-of-supervisor was,
We kept blank forms for everything we did.

2d Member.

Was that in Maryland?

5th Member.

It was—in Mur'land.

President.

Silence! Coke, fetch along the evidence—
We wish to try this convict right at once.

Randal.

[*Aside*] Now, could I blow off the head of Simpson,

I might still stand a chance to fool these dolts!

Coke.

The prisoner—has he been searched?

Randal.

[*Aside*] Now is the very crisis of my fate!
To give up all for lost, and pistol Ralph,
Would be at least, a sweet revenge!

Dare all things, is the only maxim!

[*Draws his pistol; Ralph, who is watching him, springs immediately behind the President.*]

President.

Murder, murder! don't shoot, and I'll acquit!
I will do any thing!

Coke.

Guard! strike him down!

[*The Guard strikes down the pistol, and proceeds to pinion Randal.*]

President.

My God! and am I hurt?
Hand me a drop of brandy, do!

1st Member.

Hereafter, every pris'ner should be searched
Before he is suspected!

3d Member.

Or, at least, before he be apprehended!

President.

Fiends! Yes; I'm all a tremor!

Coke.

Come, we lose time; the first to testify
Is Caleb Jones; hold up your hand, and swear;

Caleb.

I swear!

Coke.

State, then, what do you know about this?

Caleb.

Whether the victim be already dead,
I do not know, but think him so—

President.

In murder trials, that much is tak'n for granted;
proceed!

Caleb.

But I have with me here
His Dying Declaration taken down,
What time he knew his end was near at hand—

Caspar.

[*Aside*] Say—in *articulo mortis*—Caleb!

Caleb.

Whether it shall be read, is for the Court.

President.

I heard it read this ev'ning; that will answer;
Coke brought it to our tent, and read it there!

5th Member.

But must it not be read three times, before
'Tis on its passage put?

4th Member.

'Twas always so done in the legislature.

President.

No more reading; I understand the drift;
The dead man says he died by this knave's hands,
And who should tell a straighter tale than he?

3d Member.

His death's a thing he cannot well forget.

4th Member.

No—not the longest day of 's life.

Coke.

May it so please the Court, I now would call
Attention to this dying declaration,
In this, which well may test its genuineness:
The victim says that his assailant had
An anchor graven on his dexter arm,
O'erwritten with his name of Randal Glaive.
The prisoner should bare his arm, that it
May testify to his identity.

Randal.

I am, as you see, manacled by cords.

President.

Thank God!

1st Member.

It may be he's another pistol!

Coke.

Trust me for your henceforth security.
The Guard will give the prisoner his arms,
That he may bare his right one to our view.

[*They untie Randal, who exposes his right arm.*]

Coke.

I find the name and anchor, as foretold;
This is the man! will any of the Court
Examine this clear proof?

President.

Not for the world!

Coke.

The next in order of our evidence,
Will be the oath of this old negro man.
State to the Court your knowledge and belief.

Jesse.

Well, suh, de fust time I did see dat man,
I see him settin on a boulder-rock,
Not forty yard from dis identic spot—
No—not a hardly thirty yard—if dat.
I see him wid another man a diggin';
Dey liff a box, and put it in de hole;

Den I went roun' de hill a follin' de path,
And when I hove in sight of 'em agin,
I see one man was gone, and one was leff,
And he was settin on dat rock;
And I can took you to dat rock, right now.

Coke.

And do you recognize the prisoner,
As being he who sat upon that rock?

Jesse.

No Suh; kyant cognize nuffin but de rock;
But I can took you to de rock, right now.

Caleb.

Another test should lie beneath that rock!

Coke.

Silence!

Under the rock, if this account
Be true, should lie the Box of poor Lamoire!

Randal.

[*Aside*] One hope for me—a single hope—re-
mains!

[*Aloud*] I will abide that test; let come what
may:

This old man was in the conspiracy—

Jesse.

Noo-hoon! I was in de road.

Randal.

Judges! if justice be the object sought,
And not conviction, with indecent haste,
Proceed to see if there be any box
Beneath the spot where this old negro states,
Whereto, also, that dying declaration,
Fictitious as it is, would seem to point;
Let this old man conduct you thither.

Coke.

Good!

Judges, let us take this challenged test!

[*Aside*] We may find the long sought dispatches yet!

[*Aloud*] A detail now is needed for our search.

Ho, Guard! remove the pris'ner to the guard-house;

The Court will be adjourned to meet again,

One hour hence, upon a neighboring spot

To be by this old witness designate.

[*Exeunt in different directions.*]

SCENE VI

The High Bluff; Landscape and bit of Sea, as in Act I. Scene II. Present: Coke, President and Officers of Court-martial, Fauntleroy, Mima, Caleb, Jesse, Randal Glaive under guard, Detail of soldiers, with spades and picks; Guards, Spectators, etc.

Jesse [*taking his seat over Lamoir's treasure.*]
Dis hyuh de rock; hyuh whar he sot, for sho'.

Caleb.

And here we see Lamoir's initials cut—

We have it! we have it!

Coke.

Silence!

Fall to, my men; remove this stone.

Randal.

[*Aside*] One bit of luck in all this deadly run,
That I removed that fatal box!

[*Aloud*] Let this, then, be the test; if, as pretended

By this fictitious dying declaration,
And by this old veracious negro vagrant,

You find the Box, then I am guilty found,
If not, I am acquit!

[*The Detail digs.*]

Randal.

Will you to China dig your way, Ha! ha!
Or stop at that depth of the well, where lies,
Encrystaled (as the proverb says), the Truth?
[*They continue to dig.*]

Caleb.

The Box! the Box!

Coke.

'Tis true; they strike a Box;
Be wary, men, and do not split the top.

Randal.

Impossible!

Caleb.

The Box! the Box!

Randal.

You lie!

Coke.

Lift out the Box, my men; is it so heavy?

1st Soldier.

Good God! you heft it onst!

Randal.

Am I beset

By supernatural, or infernal agents?
Either I dream, or here is certain witchcraft!
I give the game away; O, God! but life,
When to its sudden curtail brought, is sweet!
[*The Detail lift the Box out before the Judges.*]

President.

Have a care; perhaps it's a torpedo!
[*The Judges scatter.*]

Coke.

Nonsense! pry off the top, my men!
[*They pry the top.*]

Here is a parcel; and whose superscription?

[*Reads.*]

“To General Fitzhugh Lee—per Signal Corps.”

[*Enter Matthews, and Field, on horseback.*]

Matthews.

Come, Coke, what means this motley congregation?

The hour for marching is at hand.

Caleb.

Huzza! Dispatches! Innocence and Guilt!

Huzza! huzza!

Matthews.

Is he a lunatic?

Fauntleroy.

No, please you, Colonel, but a FINANCIER.

Matthews.

It is the same—they are synonymous!

Caleb.

Huzza! huzza!

Coke.

Silence!

Huzza! huzza!

Matthews.

Alack! my advocate is crazy too!

Old Williamsburg has given up her charge,

And my command caught the contagion thence—

What means this senseless noise?

Coke.

It means that this day's travail works promotion!

The lost Dispatches here have been exhumed,

And here they are!

[*Hands package to Matthews, who examines.*]

Matthews.

I see it at a glance; they are important;

Fitz. Lee must have them ere to-morrow's sun;

Make quick work here, and let us ride—
Come, Field, and let the bugle blow for saddles!

[*Exeunt Matthews and Field.*]

Coke.

Let us prove what besides, this Box contains.

[*Examines contents.*]

Here's gold in vast amount; some silver too;

And here—

[*Enter Caspar Queen.*]

Caspar.

My Lord! I am undone!

I am a ruined, and a broken man!

Coke.

What now? was Matthews right about this craze?

See how this old man raves, as in a daze!

Caspar.

This was the spot: I've just located it!

Under this stone, lay my Confederate Bonds!

Some knave has exchanged them for filthy gold—

Redeemed them with this inconvenient coin—

I will not have this base metallic standard!

No, give me back my Bonds! my Bonds! my
Bonds!

My Bonds! the whole Confederacy for my Bonds!

Coke.

Alas—the poor old man should thus go daft!

Fauntleroy.

Enough to turn the brain of calmer folk!

This day one week ago I will be sworn

This man, attended by his child and me,

Here in this spot, and under this same stone,

Interred a Box containing untold sums

Of Registered Confederate Scrip, or Bonds—

I marked the place, and when you struck this Box,

I trembled for the consequence to us,

But when you opened it, behold I find

The treasure of my partner—(now my own—);

How came this substitution? whence have gone—

Caspar.

Where are my Bonds? Alas, the day, my Bonds!
Let all things perish, be my Bonds but safe!

[*Enter Master Bain, attended by two sailors,
bearing a Box.*]

Bain.

Set down the Box: Is Colonel Matthews here?
This Box may prove of value to the service.

Coke.

A plague on boxes! one of them's enough.

Bain.

But why so curt about the matter, Captain?
I am your peer; I wish that understood!

Coke.

I did not mean offense; but if so taken,
You know your remedy!

Bain.

And shall pursue it.

Meanwhile, relieve me of this box—

[*Enter Ralph Simpson.*]

Ralph.

Yon prisoner, dressed as one Sergeant Johnson,
With my assistance, did exhume this box,
And to the coast conveyed it, thence to hurry
Across the Bay; but I suspecting him,
And bent on his conscription in our service,
Secured this box, though he escaped my grip
Till later.

Coke.

Pry off the top; we'll note what it contains.

[*They pry the top, and find the Bonds
of Caspar Queen.*]

These are Confederate Bonds; behold the name
Of 'Caspar Queen'!

Caspar.

My Bonds! Thank God, my Bonds!

Coke.

I see it all; this murderer had buried
His victim's box; you buried yours hard by;
While looking for the first, he chanced on yours,
Which thus exchanged, produced this mystery.
See now; Master! who brought these bonds to you?

Bain.

These two 'longshoremen, ordered, as they said,
By a Conscription officer; they brought,
Also, this curious stone.

[*Gives Coke the stone.*]

Coke.

Where was't found?

1st 'Longshoreman.

We found it near the Grotto's mouth on bayshore.
A near as can be popindiculah
From yon High Bluff—

2d 'Longshoreman.

He means plumdiculah.

Coke.

This stone; it must have lain near where he fell—
The victim of this most unholy deed—
Alas, Lamoir!—

Judges! attend, I read

The superscription on this curious stone.

[*Reads.*]

“Randal Glaive

Farewell! a long farewell,
To conscience turned to stone!
Should we two meet again 'tis ill,
For I will do as thou art done,
And I will leap where thou art thrown!”

President.

That sounds like poetry; whose composition,
In time of war, is naked treason!

5th Member.

'Tis a breach of the peace, is't not?

President.

Coke, I am getting very hungry now—
Could you not leave us to convict this man,
And get our dinners, while they shoot him?

Coke.

Ho, Guard! remove all but the prisoner.
In order to judicial consultation,
And judgment of the court.

*[All retire but Glaive, the Guard, the Court, and
Coke.]*

President.

Give us a pen; we'll soon dispatch the job;
Write you, my brother, what I shall dictate.

*[The Judges retire a short distance, and the 5th
member is seen writing to the President's
dictation.]*

Coke.

What led you to commit so rude a deed?

Randal.

Temptation!

Coke.

It is the vice that fathers crime,
Seducing virtue from the path of duty,
By subtle pleading, and unworthy art;
For some are born with power to resist;
With others, to be tempted is to fall;
A sudden gust of passion, or a glint
Of fancy, or voluptuous pencil-touch,
Will, with these pitiable spirits, serve
To scale the height of many a year's resolve,
Which had entrenched itself behind the breast,
To fortify the soul against surrender.

Randal.

'Twas so with me; but all regret is child's play.

[The Judges return.]

President.

'Read you here my brother, what we find.

5th Member [reads]

'As to our first finding of Clarence Fauntleroy guilty, we reverse the same unanimously, and on the following grounds: 1st, That the murdered man may be still alive; 2d, That he was killed by another man; 3d, That he may have fallen over the precipice voluntarily, and died a natural death from the accident.

As to the other fellow (name not remembered, but to be asked him), we find him *guilty*, on the following grounds: 1st, He undoubtedly killed the man, who if not now dead, is as good as dead; 2d, Even should the murdered man not die, his convalescence can only end in his ultimate decrease.'

Coke.

The finding is, in substance, as it should be,
And for the form, I will attend to that,
Before 'tis signed or forwarded—
The prisoner is convicted; Randal Glaive,
Stand up!

Randal.

The die is cast; I have not lived in vain;
Captain! I call on you to bear me witness,
As soon as all was up—the dead-line reached—
I knew the end, and met it like a man,
And no resistance made to your decrees.
All that I now ask at your hands is this—
Let me retire to yonder Pinnacle,
Whence I may gaze upon the boundless Sea—
Upon the infinitely boundless Sea,
And spend some moments in repose, and quiet;
And one boon more I pray—give me that Stone,
That I may look upon my name inscribed,
And think upon my youth, my innocence,
My mother!

Coke.

You are condemned for an offense,
The gravest which is known to human law;
The penalty is death; the finding yet
Lacks confirmation by the General;
But yet, I do not see a hope whereon
May hang one doubt of his approval.
Make, therefore, peace with man, good will with
God!

Randal.

I will!

Give me that Stone; let me retire;
[*He retires to the edge of the Bluff, and reads.*]
“Farewell! a long farewell
To Conscience turned to stone!
Should we two meet again, 'tis ill,
For I will do as thou art done,
And I will leap where thou art thrown!”

The end is reached; there is no logic which
Can save a soul whose life is badly spent,
Nor aught but Death can terminate despair;
And so, as we have met, ill-fated Stone!
I keep the vow, and leap where thou wert thrown!
[*Leaps over the Bluff to the Bay.*]

Coke.

Ho, there! Guard! Fire! Halt!—
It is all over with our trial now;
The pris'ner has anticipated us.

Sergeant of Guard.

Much use to fire now!

Coke.

I will look down;
The tide is out, and on the sand I see
More ghastly sight than War's yet shown to me,
Just sprinkled by the inmost-reaching wave—

A shapeless speck; Farewell to Randal Glaive!
[*A bugle blows.*]

I hear the bugles blow to horse; and now
Our mission ended here, with folded tents,
We bid farewell to old Northumberland!
[*Exeunt in divers directions.*]

SCENE VII

Public room at Tollhouse.

*Present: Caspar Queen, Caleb Jones; a large tame
Bird of Minerva in a cage, suspended from the
ceiling.*

Caspar.

Tell me now, friend Caleb, do you, in your new
and fashionable suit, presented by friend Clarence,
the Blockade-runner, feel stronger financially?

Caleb.

In mental strength, you mean of course?

Caspar.

Of course I do, or, what is the same thing, no
difference in the meaning, in scientific method?

Caleb.

Permit me then, Sir, to say I do; and pass me the
brandy.

Caspar.

With pleasure; your very good health.

[*They drink.*]

Now to our thesis: the first question on my
memorandum book is this:

To say that money is tight, is merely another
way of saying that the accumulation of money is
so sparsely disseminated that it eludes the popular
grasp; on such occasions, it accumulates in the

banks; now the problem is; what makes money at one time accumulate in the banks, and at another time leave the banks, and go elsewhere, and where does it go?

Caleb.

Sir, your question is complex; simplify, my friend, simplify!

Caspar.

I see the point; *imprimis*; what makes money at one time accumulate in the banks?

Caleb.

I give the answer, *imprimis*. It is a popular fallacy to suppose that all the money of the country is in the hands of the bulls, bears, or even asses thereof; it is, in reality, held by the people of the same, and the reason why it accumulates in the banks at one time, is because at such time the people deposit it there.

Owl.

Tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo!

Caspar.

[*Aside*] O, profound response! O, wisdom incarnate! [*Aloud*] I understand; and now for number two, *secundum*. Why does the money at another time leave the banks, and go elsewhere?

Caleb.

Because at such other time, the people go to the banks and solemnly withdraw their money therefrom, and departing, leave behind them footprints on the sands of the doorsills of said financial institutions, with the toes turned outward.

Owl.

Tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo!

Caspar.

[*Aside*] O, Solomon! O, Aristotle! O, Smith!

[*Aloud*] I am profoundly satisfied: but now for question third: *tertium*, Where does the money go?

Caleb.

The money goes where the people go, and they go about their business!

Owl.

Tuwahoo! tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwahoo-o-o!

Caspar.

O, sublime financier! a thousand thanks! a thousand thanks!

Enter Jesse.

Jesse, your coming is well-timed! what tidings of the bride and groom?

Jesse.

Why bless yo' soul, Mast' Kyosper, de weddin' is almost hyuh, and you two ole gentlemen, a-settin' hyuh in yo' new swallow-tail coats, wid brass buttons, a-talkin financh! (I 'spises dat subjeck, 'clar to God I does!) Look out'n de winder, ef you don't b'lieve me!

[*They go to the window; Jesse empties the bottle.*]

Caspar.

Jesse is right; the bridal procession is at hand.

[*Enter Clarence and Mima as Bride and Groom, followed by attendants, and guests, who arrange themselves around the room.*]

Jesse.

[*Aside to colored companions.*] Some you boys gimme a lif'—I gwine to stood on my head!

1st Colored Companion.

He! he! yah! Uncle Jess gwine to stood on he head!

Jess.

Gimme lif' I tole you! I ain't stood on my head since ole Miss' bo't dem new carriage-hosses; but I gwine to stood on my head now, sho'!

[*Stands on his head.*]

Fauntleroy.

Father, into the holy bonds of wedlock,
As willing captives, Mima and myself,
Have entered with the sacred rights prescribed,
By service of the church, confirmed by law;
And nothing now remains to render perfect
Our happiness, except a father's blessing!
Here kneeling, let that blessing fall on us,
As gently as the sacred influence
From cereal sources, and celestial love,
That falling in the Spring, fills all the earth,
With emerald bloom, and floral consecration!

Cuspar.

A father's blessing, children! never doubt it!
Shall be bestowed, in copious quality,
Such as so poor a fountain as my heart
Can furnish you; I bless you children, both!
Take her, my son, and cherish as your life!
Not portionless she comes, but with such dowry
As fortune seldom deigns to shower on youth;
One-half my hard-earned wealth, in long-date
Bonds,

Stamped with imprimature of liberty,
And with Confederate sovereign ensigns sealed,
Is yours, my dearest children! yours—all yours!
Take it—my wealth—enjoy, and be happy;
But in enjoyment, look to charity;
Which grace we're told exalteth not itself,
Is not puffed up, but suffereth, and is kind;
In your great wealth, remember poverty!
You tread on borders of a gay parterre,
O'er beds of roses, myrtle-strewn, and bossed
With groups of violets, stained with early dew;
Lead her full gently, o'er these flowery walks!
From Bowers of love, flow pious sentiments;
Thence flows the fountain purity,
More crystal pure than mountain source—

More scintillant than all the stars—
Prophetic more than sacred groves!
Thence hope proceeds, and beauty issues;
Thence melody, and fragrance steal,
As from the lily's cloistered breast;
Thence chivalry, as from the South,
Thence charity, and all things which
An open sense makes feminine;
Thence, over all, walks Love himself,
In all his true divinity,
To make us perfect, like the gods!

[*Caspar embraces them; Tableau.*]

HILDEBRAND

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HILDEBRAND AN OUTLAW
Captain Clark. . Captain in the Confederate Army
Captain Hilton. . . . Captain in the Federal Army
Harry Clinebell. Nephew of Hildebrand
Dorchester. Neighbor of Hildebrand
Tubal. . . A Freedman, former slave of Hildebrand
Soldiers, Guards, Neighbors, etc.
Kate. Wife of Hildebrand
Elise. Daughter of Hildebrand

[The Scene is laid in the Ozark Mountains, Missouri, and the Time embraces about a fortnight—one week before the Surrender at Appomatox, and one week after that event.]

HILDEBRAND

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Sitting room in Hildebrand's cottage, at the base of Ozark Mountain, in Missouri. Present: Hildebrand, Kate and Elise. A knock is heard.*

Hildebrand.

Come in! [*Enter Captain Clark.*]

You are welcome, stranger!

Clark.

My name is Clark—a captain as you see—

My men! four privates, and a corporal!

Hildebrand.

All are quite welcome here! My wife and daughter!

Clark.

Our business is with Captain Hildebrand.

Hildebrand.

No 'captain,' if you please, but Hildebrand—

Plain Hildebrand—John Hildebrand!

Clark.

No difference—'No rank no pay,' the soldiers say.

We are Confederate soldiers, Hildebrand,

And come upon a duty not all pleasant.

[*Looks at Elise, and hesitates.*]

The ladies will excuse our being blunt—

Whose presence I am proud to recognize.

1st Soldier. [*Aside to his companions.*]
I give it up! a gal and Clark is on it!

Kate.

Pardon, Captain! My husband has no secrets—
Hildebrand.

My wife and girl shrink not from hearing all
Our humble roof incloses for my ears;
What concerns me concerns us all—proceed!

Clark.

Miss Hildebrand, can you remark the line,
With sweet discerning charity, which duty
Prescribes, between the soldier, and the man?
That which we would, and what perforce we must,
When discipline subdues our peaceful will?

1st Soldier. [*Aside to his companions.*]
I say—we might as well git up and git—
For Clark is on it!

2d Soldier.

Egad! but she is pretty!

3d Soldier.

Why, pretty ain't the figur for the gal—
She's pint blank beautiful.

Elise.

I know the line that severs right from wrong.

Hildebrand.

Captain, you are a soldier; I, a man—
Not courteous—of fewer words than acts;
Say what you have to say, and to the point.

Clark.

[*Aside*] I'd give the world to brighten that
sweet face.

Well, sir, with reverence for your family,
And all due deference to your daughter there—
You are conscripted,* and my duty is
To take you into camp!

*So used for 'conscribed' almost universally during the
late war.

1st Soldier [*Aside to his companions.*
I never know him
To use three blarney words before. She's fetched
him!

Hildebrand.

You put it, Captain, pleasantly, I'm sure—
But, Captain, I am over five and forty.

Clark.

Excuse me, Hildebrand, and let my duty
Shield me from misconstruction with these ladies,
But to be frank, your loyalty is not
Unblemished by report of busy tongues,
And this, together with great need of troops,
Has caused your name to be enrolled.

Hildebrand.

My loyalty? I'm loyal to a fault!
More so than they who drench our land in blood!
Good sooth! the Northern hordes are loyal, are
they—

Blazing their way by light of peaceful homes!
And you are loyal, as your leaders are,
Who forced this issue on the unwilling mass,
By firing first, without sufficient cause!
Both loyal! all are loyal! save the few
Who stand with folded arms, and naked breasts,
And say: we will not dip our hands in blood;
We will not slay our brethren, but will feed,
Will clothe them all—attend the sick—will watch,
Will pray—and while we have, divide our bread,
And share with all alike! If this be treason,
I am a traitor to rebellion, and
Disloyal to the Northern matricides;
But to the country! Constitution! God!
'Tis I am loyal! Ye are traitors all!
Go tell your masters so, for Hildebrand,
And say he will not stir!

Clark.

Ill said or well,
(With deference to your daughter's presence here),
Duty is duty, and must be performed.
Though beauty should consent to plead for you,
Imploring us, with sweet, persuasive art—

Hildebrand.

My duty is to stay.

Clark.

And mine to take you.
You have too much good sense to fail to scan
The situation!

Hildebrand.

I will not go hence.

Clark.

You must!

Hildebrand.

You say I must?

Clark.

Yes, I say so!

All six of us, being ordered, say the same.

[*To Elise.*] This dogma *must* lies at the base of
War.

Hildebrand.

If you and *Must* are right, I will obey!
Kate, do not weep; be strong, for I am so.
Elise, my child, a word with you in private.

[*They converse apart.*]

Now Captain, I am going to prepare;
An old man cannot bear the toils of camp
Without some shield against the edge of hardship.

Clark.

Excuse me, Hildebrand, but your parol?

Hildebrand.

I leave my daughter hostage.

Elise.

Captain Clark!

The line between the soldier and the man—

Now, tell me, is there such a line, and where?

[*Exeunt Hildebrand and Kate.*]

1st Soldier. [*Aside to his companions.*]

Goodbye to Hildebrand! none but a nat'ral

Would look to see him more!

Clark.

The soldier has

No will, but like the arm, obeys the head;

He cannot pause to weigh the reason why;

To count the cost, is treason to his duty;

Orders are law; obey, that is religion.

1st Soldier.

[*Aside*] I must speak! Hildebrand will be a mile
From here in fifteen minutes.

[*Aloud*] Captain Clark!

[*Clark and the soldier converse apart.*]

Clark.

Sergeant, dispose your men as you think best;

Be sure that no one leaves the house tonight;

I will remain inside.

[*Exeunt sergeant and soldiers to guard escape.*]

Elise.

The mind is will;

The will belonging to the drill and camp,

Controls the mind; how is it with the heart?

And tongue?

Clark.

The tongue, fair girl, is armor-clad

So stiff in mail, it cannot trip it glibly,

As does the supple knight's, of peaceful times.

But the soldier's heart's a sentinel,

That guards the camp of love, and will permit

No entrance there, without *your* countersign—

Beauty and virtue!

Elise.

I inquired in earnest—

You answer me in jest; is this the soldier,
Or the man?

Clark.

The soldier speaking for the man.

Elise.

I understand you; flattery shows the man,
Impertinence the soldier!

Clark.

No; the man
Is true; the soldier not impertinent, though
A rough interpreter, that in translation
Makes but an epigram where poems
Were required.

Elise.

O! if the man be true, the soldier brave.
He will not misconceive a maiden's prayer.
I ask not that you compromise your duty,
In this grave trial where our hearts are fixed.
But one promise—only one. You will befriend
My father! He has a spirit stern but just,
And steady to his vision of the truth;
But from his nurture, and necessity
Of life—perchance a temper overhot,
A dauntless will, and nature fierce when roused;
A voice as stubborn as the lion's throat,
Which in the desert, or the cage alike,
Curbs no scintilla of its native strength—
You cannot leave him with us, as you say,
But you may intercede to send him back?

Clark.

My heart responds before my tongue can forge
It utterance; but since my power falls short
Of what my will would bring about for you,
And since a maiden prayer, through beauty's mouth
Is far more prevalent than man's can be,
Why not yourself accompany us to camp?
A soldier's promise, and the faith a friend

May claim as due (what more I dare not add,)
Stand surety for your safety.

Elise.

I agree!

You will assist me in my prayer?

Clark.

I will!

Elise.

Enough! now give me my parol in writing;
You see I understand the military code;
I am to smother what I see in camp,
And you to guarantee me safe return,
Beneath the sacred shelter of a passport.
You shall have no excuse, Sir Knight; here are
Materials to write.

[She arranges a small table, with a chair facing
the front door. Clark sits down to write. Enter
Hildebrand from behind, with a revolver drawn,
and cocked.]

Hildebrand.

Turn neither right

Nor left! March forward! onward! out! or die!
This house is Hildebrand's!

Clark. [Looking over his shoulder.]

What means this outrage?

Hildebrand.

Speak low or die! There is the door! Forward!

Elise.

The dogma Must lies at the base of War!

Clark.

This is a base inturn!

Hildebrand.

Turn out, I say!

Forward!

Clark.

Pause and reflect.

Hildebrand.

Don't stop to think!

Forward!

Clark.

Don't go too far!

Hildebrand.

Don't stop too short!

Forward!

Clark.

Truly; pause, and I will intercede for you.

Hildebrand.

Falsely move, and I will blow you through!

[*Exit Captain Clark, Hildebrand closing and locking the door.*]

SCENE II. *Same place. Present: Hildebrand, Kate and Elise. A knock is heard*

Hildebrand.

Kate! to your ambush, and await my signal!

[*Kate stations herself behind the door, which Hildebrand opens, concealing her in the angle. Enter Captain Hilton, with five Federal dragoons.*]

Come gentle-men, you're welcome, I am sure.

Hilton.

Is this the dwelling of John Hildebrand?

Hildebrand.

My name.

Hilton.

My men and I are weary, sir;

We've skirted 'round the base of this rough mount
Some fifteen miles—a scouting party mere,
Looking for forage.

Hildebrand.

Then you've made descent

As fruitless as the brants that sometimes light
Around our mountain lake, for rest and food,

Below the crest of Pilot Knob; the flock
Find naught but steep-uprising, naked rocks,
And grassless margin, only hoofed by deer.
With little at the first, we've nothing left.
However, welcome; what we can, we will.

Hilton.

We owe you thanks; your family—is it large?
You must not rifle them to furnish us.

Hildebrand.

Quite small; myself, my wife, my girl, Elise.

Hilton.

Happy is he whom War finds without sons!
For even angels look with pity on
A father's empty quiver, when his arrows,
One by one, are shivered to the dreadful clouds,
Clanged from the bow of War!
You have no sons?

Hildebrand.

I have—two brave Missouri boys; dear God!
These eyes have not beheld them since the War
Cut from the leash, with fratricidal hand,
Those two blood-hounds, Secession and Invasion!
Both brave—one on the rise of eighteen years,
The other younger still, next to Elise.
The flame of War broke out; I was for peace.
'Boys,' said I, 'I'm not bound to side with either;
The war is wicked, woeful, unrequired;
Rebellion, without cause, lights up the South,
Coercion, without law, inspires the North.
If on a boat beneath the mad-star's light,
My comrades lose their reason, and begin
To rave and cut each other's throats in hate,
Shall I, who have escaped the malady,
Feign madness, too, and like my comrades, foam,
And join their maniac festival of rage,
And death, crime, blood, and senseless fury?
As for myself,' said I, 'I stand aloof;

And though I stood alone (and yet I hope
I stand not thus,) it's all the same,' said I,
'Though it should be the world to Hildebrand.
But boys,' said I, 'I've raised* you free to choose
Your course in life; if either, or if both
See not his duty as mine shines to me—
Choose differently; take up your guns and go;
Go to the right or left, as conscience points;
Go with a father's blessing, if you must,
Or stay and share his armed neutrality!'
But youth, the drum and fife, the cry to arms,
Outweighed an old man's arguments, and both
Have gone. The elder, loving order more,
(And siding with his mother, Northern born,)
To battle for the Union; the younger,
(Who listened more to rebel Elise, there,
Who with the foolish logic of a girl,
Supposed the weaker cause therefore the nobler,)
Went with their relative, old Price.
And thus in two long years, sadder than long,
What chance of ruthless war—death—prison walls,
Shorn limbs, or broken health in hospital—
They may have met, alas, we do not know—
Perchance shall never know, or see them more;
All wrong! all wrong! dear God, all wrong!
this war!

Elise.

O! father, let us hope the best!

Hildebrand.

Always!

1st Soldier. [*Aside to his companions.*]

That gal's a fine critter!

2nd Soldier.

Tarnation nice!

*This word *raise* for *rear* is so used extensively in Missouri.

Cheap John.

Mine Got! she shmack her eye et the Gabden!
And he like dot!

Hilton.

[*Aside*] Could I escape this cup!

Elise.

I will not let my father hopeless grow,
Pleading, no night without its coming dawn,
No cloud, without a heaven to sail in!

Hilton.

[*Aside*] O, angel, what would I endure for you!
Miss Hildebrand, no monster is before you,
But a soldier, who became such for
The flag; and being under discipline,
Have duties far more stern than taking life—

Hildebrand.

Make no apology—I see the drift.
I am again to be paroled?

Hilton.

Worse still—

You have been drafted!

Elise.

Did there ever yet
A man come on a mission so unworthy!

Hilton.

Nay, pity me, if what I do seem harsh—
My honor, my command, and self-respect,
Yourselves!—all lost without obedience;
But yield, and go with us—

Hildebrand.

I am paroled—

Past age and disaffected to your cause;
You cannot make me fight against my will—
Why should you take me, or I go?

Elise.

O, shame!

You used deception in your first address—

Was this obedience too? O, Captain Hilton!

Hilton.

Report has done you great injustice, Sir;
She gave you out as stern, implacable,
Impatient, violent, and rude of speech!
I, therefore, opened softly, measuring
My way until at length, I find my heart
A mutineer; my will half rebel to—
My soul abhorrent of the thing I must;
I must obey; you must report with me.

Hildebrand.

Who is your general?

Hilton.

O'Neil!

Hildebrand.

No hope!

Hilton.

For me to fail to bring you in were not
A kindness, for O'Neil is stern—nay cruel;
They have reported you disloyally
To him, and dangerous within his lines.
Should I, in your behalf, omit my duty,
Some one more rash would make my failure good.

Hildebrand.

Then be it so! You shall find Hildebrand,
(Despite reports,) knows how to yield to force.
[Aside.] When wary strategy leaves no recourse!
Come, let your men outside dismount and feed;
Elise shall entertain you while we give
To horses that which some deny to men.
Come gentle-men!

[*Exeunt Hildebrand and the dragoons, to feed the horses.*]

Hilton.

Angel of beauty, grace and innocence!
A soldier but a man, what shall I do?
Never till now the panic we call Love,

Did put to flight my presence of mind,
And his recruits; your eye is on me;
Do, act, think for, pity and command me.
Say that I fail; O'Neil dishonors me,
Enrolls your father, and may covet you!
When I am dusk, because I can't give day,
O'Neil will be midnight; What shall I do!

Elise.

I am worse off than you—our danger equal!
You do not know—

[*Aside*] Alas, what shall I say!
What I might say, I cannot utter now
God guide us through these troublous times!

Hilton.

O, Elise! my sweet dove—

Elise.

I cannot listen—

In these dark days, remember walls have ears.
I am the daughter of John Hildebrand!
Between us rolls a sea of angry war,
Shoreless, and rich with souls of murdered men!
Forget this sudden light—which now is over!
I am myself! be you that which you were!
Come danger! welcome fate! come Hildebrand!

[*Upon a signal in the next room, Kate suddenly closes the door. Enter Hildebrand from behind with drawn revolver.*]

Hildebrand.

Hilton, you are my prisoner, and hostage!
Your men outside attack my house? you die!
Bid them disperse—you live. I have the drop,
And never man too quick for Hildebrand!

Hilton.

Elise, your prayer is answered, we're relieved.
I fold my arms, and let what will befall.
I smile at your excitement, Hildebrand,
Your muzzle makes me calmer than before.

Elise.

Be patient, Father, and do nothing rash!
I take my stand between the host and hostage!
Give but the order that these troops disperse,
And we shall summon time to think!

Hilton.

Nay, I demand that he shall murder me.
I will not be disgraced. [*Firing without.*]

Cheap John. [*Without in a loud voice.*]

Von hail of schnap out here! de tam
Repels pitch us into, mit tousand men!

Hilton.

Elise, your prayer is answered; we're relieved.
I only proffer now one soldier's wish:
Let me command my men.

Elise.

If you do this,
You are acquit of discipline and duty.
They came to capture us as loyalists;
Say you defended and repulsed!

Hildebrand.

He can't escape this house till I am free!
If he defeat the rebels, he'll return;
If they defeat him, woe to me and mine!

Hilton.

No, no!—

Elise.

Defeating them, releases him
From taking you and we get time to think.
Release him, Father, Elise asks.

Hildebrand.

Elise

Is law. Go, Hilton, go! Your men command!
The Devil urge the fight, prays Hildebrand!
[*Exit Hilton, amid heavy firing all around the house.*]

SCENE III. *Grove in front of Hildebrand's cottage. Hildebrand and Elise converse apart, while Kate ministers to his two wounded sons, one in Confederate, the other in Federal uniform.*

Hildebrand.

And has it come to this! my noble boys—
My offshoots braver than the parent oak—
The elder dying, and the younger maimed—
Destined, I fear, to die of his deep wounds;
I side with neither, and am slain for both;
O, Reason! Patience! Charity of Christ!
Where were ye then, when Hate unkenneled War?

Elise.

Be calmer, Father! I have prayed with Charlie,
And a sweet repose of patience after prayer
Has settled on his face; I know him dying—

Hildebrand.

Yes, dying, Elise; and his brother will not live.
I tell you, girl, there's something tameless in me,
Howls like a wolf for these two wounded whelps;
Crackles like prairie lengths of rolling fire—
Cries in the mountain fastnesses—
Laments in Ozark from his every crag—
Rings like a rifle-shot; I've borne enough!
For you, dear lad, empanoplied in gray,
With silver ornaments for sacrifice,
For you, my oldest, darling, part of me,
Bleeding to death, shall I have no revenge?
Let them beware! I too was born for war!
Hereafter Blue or Gray that comes in shot—

Elise.

O, Father, I too feel resentment keen,
But patient suffering of wrong alone.
And perseverance in a course of right,
Through every rude vicissitude of life,
Wins favor from an all-just God!

Hildebrand.

Elise!

Sweet angel, let us go and see the end—
Let us go and close the eyes of these dear boys.
I did not question them; they did not come
To do their father wrong, I know; the fight
Once on, each came to reinforce his comrades,
Neither knew whither; and fell, perhaps,
Each by his brother's aim! A surgeon!
I must bring a surgeon, or I lose them.

Elise.

The roads are full of bands of hostile men,
The paths are picketed, or closely watched—

Hildebrand.

Can they cut off a fox by picketing,
Or guarding public roads, keep from her nest
The wild turkey, or pheasant from the hill?
No, I will off, at once; let me again
Re-father these dear wounds, and see what hope;
Kate calls it sleeping, Elise, this of Charlie,
But, daughter, he will never wake again:
God take my baby; he is dead!

[Exeunt, in different directions.]

SCENE IV. *The same. Hildebrand's cottage in ashes. Present: Dorchester, Harry Clinebell.*

Dorchester.

Well, this is rough; what had he done?

Clinebell.

Done nothing!

That's what's the matter.

Dorchester.

Thought he was paroled?

Clinebell.

And so he was, I think.

Dorchester.

And so am I,

And yet no week, but I am overhauled.

Clinebell.

The rebels have conscripted me these two months,
Once I have gone a Federal substitute:
Twice I've deserted and escaped; got used
To being shot at, as a thing of course;
But this, I say, is rather rough.

Dorchester.

Damned rough!

[*Enter Hildebrand, with the Doctor.*]

Hildebrand.

Can I believe these eyes! where is my house?
My wife—my children—Elise! Answer me,
My neighbor, Dorchester, my nephew, Clinebell!
Answer—what is this?

Clinebell.

Uncle, it is war!

Dorchester.

They've ruined you; I think it was the Yankees.
I saw the smoke, and placed it near your house.
Avoiding the main road, I took bypaths,
And from a rock that overlooked the road,
I saw a company of horse—

Hildebrand.

My wife—my children—
My daughter, and my babies—saw you aught,
Or know you aught of them? Speak, man!

Dorchester.

Nothing!

Clinebell.

Yonder at the foot of the hill there are
Two graves fresh dug—

Hildebrand.

My boys—my precious boys—!

[*Enter a neighbor.*]

1st Neighbor.

Here's sorry work for you, friend Hildebrand.

I saw the company that did this harm,
And questioned some that fell behind—

Hildebrand.

My wife!

Elise! where in God's name are they?

Speak out!

1st Neighbor.

I saw them both, but dare not speak to them,
For they were guarded as close prisoners.

Hildebrand.

Whose company?

1st Neighbor.

I heard the name—let's see—

Hildebrand.

Hilton!

1st Neighbor.

That has its sound; I think it was—Hinton.

Hildebrand.

Come, frankly, friend, what heard you of my
daughter?

Her treatment, and her mother's—speak!

1st Neighbor.

You know

What soldiers are—outrage— [Shaking his head.]

Hildebrand.

Death, and hell's breath!

Do you know aught, or don't you know—speak out,

Don't crucify me with a wagging head!

1st Neighbor.

I nothing know for certain: but here is

A printed bill I took down from the mill door;

By it you see how you are held in camp.

Hildebrand. [Reading aloud.]

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD!

JOHN HILDEBRAND

Has been declared in Special Orders No. 6, a Bush-

whacker and Guerilla. The above reward will be paid for his apprehension. He is about fifty years of age; in height about six feet, two inches; remarkably straight, broad-shouldered, and deep-chested; his hair, whiskers and moustache are very black; wears his hair long and flowing over his neck. Supposed to be concealed in Ozark mountain. The above reward for his capture and delivery at these headquarters—*dead or alive.*

O'Neil.

Hildebrand.

Ah, yes, and twice that sum for you, O'Neil,
Nay, four times that reward from Hildebrand!
Ha! ha! my sons would not suffice for you,
You must have Elise, too, and Kate, my wife,
And now five hundred dollars for myself!

[*Enter 2d Neighbor.*]

Whom have we here?

2d Neighbor.

My God, they've gone for you!

Hildebrand.

What of my daughter, Elise, and her mother?
Do you know aught of them?

2d Neighbor.

Except reports—

Hildebrand.

Out with them, friend; what's done is past recall;

2d Neighbor.

Some say your wife is dead from fright—your
daughter—

Hildebrand.

What of my daughter, Elise—speak!

2d Neighbor.

The worst—

Hildebrand.

How heard you this? By God, this is not so!
Dare you to trifle—

2d Neighbor.

You asked me what was said—
I spit it out to you. Myself know nothing.
Here is a handbill.

Hildebrand. [Reading aloud.]

AN OUTLAW!

JOHN HILDEBRAND, having notoriously violated his Confederate parol, and entrapped a whole Confederate company into ambush near his house, in which many gallant soldiers lost their lives, including his own son, is proclaimed an OUTLAW, and it is hereby made the duty of every soldier in this command to kill him on sight.

M. J. THOMPSON,

Commanding. Mo. Volunteers.

Hildebrand.

Yes, you are right, Jeff! that's the word OUT-
LAW!

No wife, no sons, no daughter, and no country!
A homeless man, is but a prisoner
At large, and when bereft of hope an—Outlaw!
They first describe, then make me what I am;
They want me—let them come and take me!
As soon shall these tall pines take wing,
To fling their tassels in the morning clouds—
As soon shall Pilot's rocks unrag their spires,
And melt into the bosom of the plain,
Or the smooth prairie heave escarpéd breasts
Of rock-ribbed flint, and never-wearing stone,
As Hildebrand surrender or forego
The pleasure of an Outlaw's sweet revenge!
Here from these ashes take I up the gauntlet,
And in the sign of Hate, will ride the storms;
While by yon newly rumpled graves I swear
Eternal vengeance to both uniforms.
And death to all that wear!

Dorchester. [Aside to his companions.]
He's right! you have his blood, Clinebell, how
say you?

Clinebell.

I care not for his blood—why speak of blood?
There is no daddyism in Missouri!

Hildebrand.

How say you, friends! this mount belongs to us
By muniment of title; shall we not defend it?
Set up a small republic for ourselves—
An island in this raging sea of war,
Where God shall find a refuge for a crew,
That will not fight except in self-defence?

All.

Yes, let us hold Ozark!

Hildebrand.

We dwelt here mountaineers,
Far from the caldron party-spirit boils—
Free as our crystal springs, or atmosphere;
We loved the Union, and our State no less,
We saw no cause for war, and made no outcry;
We had few slaves, nor cared to fight for them,
Yet knew no right to challenge those who owned.
We were for peace, and all that made for it—
In peace, the cities—towns—derided us,
Dragooned, conscripted, harried us in war—
Nay waste, destroy, impress, proscribe, and slay!
What shall we do?

All.

Take arms, and fight to death!

Hildebrand.

The draft drags men to fight for what they loathe,
Conscription robs the cradle and the grave.
Desertion, child of both, brings many men
Whom desperation should engender brave,
To find a refuge in this mountain fastness;
We can enselter these, and raise an army;

And like a lighthouse, on the coast of war,
Our flag shall flame, conspicuously bright,
Inviting sanctuary to deserters;
One only star in universal darkness—
One island safe against the sea of rage,
Which spreads from hell's enlargement!
Who then shall be your leader?

All.

Hildebrand!

We'll arm and follow you!

Hildebrand.

Then be it so!

An OUTLAW shall enforce what law we save,

And make a sanctuary, or a grave! [Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I. *Hildebrand's tent in a gorge of Ozark.*

Present: Hildebrand and Clinebell, in front of the tent.

Clinebell.

Uncle, do you expect dispatches from
The sun or moon, you gaze so in the sky?

Hildebrand.

No, boy, I'm looking for my sentinel.

Clinebell.

The devil, Uncle—a sentry in the sky?
We read of pickets flying, but I never heard
Of signal stations sailing on the air.
Is it a kite?

Hildebrand.

No kite—a nobler bird!

Clinebell.

If not a kite, a buzzard?

Hildebrand.

Guess again!

Clinebell.

A goose—the breed that once stood guard for Rome

Hildebrand.

A nobler bird.

Clinebell.

Aye, nobler he may be,
Not wiser I will guarantee.

Hildebrand.

Yes, wiser—

Come here; you see him rising now above

That crag that beetles over the river-road?

Clinebell. [Following *H.*'s finger with his eye.]
An eagle! pshaw! I thought you said a wiser.
Did you ever know a goose destroy her young,
As I have known an eagle?

Hildebrand.

Boy, you wrong him;
It was a vulture you mistook for one;
It is the fashion to confound their natures.
But now give eye to yon imperial bird,
And I will teach you to interpret him.
Above yon canyon on the right—beneath a crag,
Whose head is scarcely visible, you see
Adown the cliff a skein of glittering white,
Which you would call a virgin flake of snow,
Hid in the cleft, and nestled in itself,
Safe from the fusion of the summer sun.
This glass betrays its motion and its nature—
A slender cataract, white as the snow;
Upon the left of it you see a spot,
Dark-circular; that is the eagle's nest.
He does not leave it, till the morning sun
Supplies the light the mountain shades withhold;
Experience-taught, he sails where man or beast,
Or *life* is soonest, and most surely found—
Out to the road—where trees are cut away.
There, circling round and round, he is my sentry;
If living thing he sees, he stops: if *man*,
His wing is upward turned for higher flight;
This is his instinct, for there may be danger;
If *brute*, he lowers, for there may be prey;
If *man*, and *only one*, first having risen,
He slowly lowers, and at a distance follows;
It is a hunter, and whoever hunts
May wound his game, or leave some bits of food;
But if the roadsters number more than one,
The eagle veers, and westward wings his flight;

He hates all soldiers, and argues these are such;
The hunter has no time, nor ball to waste;
Not so the idle, lawless, vagrant soldier—
The government his reckless purveyor,
In wanton sport he wings the royal eagle,
To try his aim, or show his lazy skill.
And thus I watch my airy sentinel,
And find his instinct tutor to my reason.

[*After an interval.*]

Behold, he pauses; now goes higher up;
There is a human step upon the road;
Ha! they are soldiers! I must look to this!

[*Exit.*]

Clinebell. [*Alone.*]

Fee, fo, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishmun!
And dead or alive, I must have some!
Uncle! Uncle! You're on the war trail now,
The leader of as keen a pack of hounds
As ever scented blood. But devil the odds.

[*Whistles.*]

There was some error in my uncle's fate;
He was intended for a Seminole,
And fell from grace, ere Nature painted him.
The Indians would have worshipped him, and
called him

Eat-Meat-Raw-and-Swallow-the-Blood Jack!
No white man ever waged such war as this!
Uncle! there never was an Indian yet,
But lost the pale-face battle in the end!
But fal lal! who cares?

[*Sings.*]

Bertha! O, Bertha!

My sweet Missouri flower,
Heard you the bugles call
Horsemen to saddles all?

I must away this hour!
Fly along the mountains,
Raid adown the plain,
Speed across the prairie,
Blow again! again!

Bertha! O, Bertha!
Persuade me not to stay!
Heard you the bugles call,
Horsemen to saddles all?
I must away—away!
Fly along the mountains,
Raid adown the plain,
Speed across the prairie,
Blow again! again!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Same place.* Present: *Hildebrand*
and *Clinebell.*

Hildebrand.

I see you're merry, Harry; so am I;
Ha! ha! we had fine sport, and furious.
I took my stand upon 'Defiance Rock,'
And with my glass swept down the river-road.
Just as my sentinel foretold, I saw
A troop, on jaded horses, winding toward us;
I ordered Dorchester to follow me;
I flew to him, and posted fifty men;
The work was quick, and sharp, and spirited;
They did not even guess approaching danger.
The devil took the hindmost, I suppose,
For we took all in front.

Clinebell.

[*Aside*] Then the devil took the foremost, too!

Hildebrand.

One of my men—I know not who it was—
Fired just before the word—too quick a minute—

And six or seven of the troop escaped,
Before we could enclose them.

Clinebell.

They were rebels?

Hildebrand.

No, Federals; ten left we in the gorge.
And five captured, and spared by Dorchester,
Let them be listed, Harry, and then—

Clinebell.

Shot!

Hildebrand.

Of course! when have I spared a prisoner
Captured from either band of ruffians seen
Approaching Ozark, the five days that here
Around his rugged breast our tents have stood,
And o'er his front, our neutral flag of flame?
Would they spare us? No, no, we are outlaws—
With no heart to spare!

Clinebell.

Even so, Uncle!

We have no heart—to spare!

Leave them to me!

Hildebrand.

I must have rest; an hour's sleep, and then,
Look to forage and commissariat.
It's neck or nothing with me on these points;
I am almost at the end of my rope! [*Exit Hildebrand.*]

Clinebell.

You will be quite there very soon, my Uncle,
If my foreboding should be realized;
I wonder that 'rope' stuck not in your throat!
God grant it stick not (or slip-knot) around it!
But hither come our prisoners!

[*Enter four Federal prisoners including Captain Hilton, under strong guard.*]

Clinebell [to 1st Prisoner.]

What is your name?

1st Prisoner.

I will not give it to you.

Clinebell.

All right; you shall be shot anonymously.

Take him away!

[Exit 1st prisoner between two soldiers.]

Clinebell [to 2d Prisoner.]

Give me your name and birthplace?

2d Prisoner.

George Horn. I hail from Maine; but I have
friends

Both North and South, who, did they know my
peril,

Would ransom me.

Clinebell.

Promotion comes not from

The East nor West, and neither from the South;

The horns of the wicked also shall be cut off!

Away with him!

2d Prisoner.

You will not have me murdered?

Clinebell.

Tie weights to his feet, that he may look straight up
And put no trust in friends, or princes.

[Exit 2d prisoner between two soldiers.]

3d Prisoner.

I am a gentleman, and claim the treatment

My gentle birth demands!

Clinebell.

Blue blood, good fellow?

Such you shall have—no blows, no ugly rope!

A courtly escort with a squad of men,

Shall recognize your rank, and with a bow,

The captain shall take formal leave of you,

And send you, with all courtesy, to hell!

[Exit 3d prisoner between two soldiers.]

Clinebell.

And where did you enlist, my friend?

4th Prisoner.

Nowheres.

Clinebell.

And under no name, I suppose!

4th Prisoner.

I am an Irishman, by name; by birth

They call me Jimmy O'Gorge, of county Kork:

I didn't list at all, at all—but like

A pathriot, a substitute I came,

And sorra to the day I did!

Clinebell.

Ah, Jimmy!

A substitute? I give you just ten minutes

To summon here your coward principal,

That he may suffer death in proper person,

And take his place in purgatory.

4th Prisoner.

I see, Sirrah, I see! Yees wants to shoot

Me principal, and I'm to go for him!

Clinebell.

Just so! I'm going to shoot your principal—

Vicariously. I will write to him and say,

Consider you are shot, in your own person;

For he that's through another shot, is shot himself.

4th Prisoner.

Mesilf will take the letther for yees!

Clinebell.

Thank you!

I wish to post you to a warmer climate!

Along with him!

[Exit 4th prisoner between two soldiers.]

Clinebell.

[Aside] I'll humor this captain till I get his watch

Before these ragamuffins go through him.

[*Aloud*] Now Captain, give me your name and command,

You know that war is war.

Hilton.

My men were ambushed,
And fell before they knew themselves beset;
Of this, being by lawful chance of war,
I offer no complaint; but, ruffian,
Why do you butcher unarmed prisoners?

Clinebell.

[*Aside*] The chain is solid gold, or I'm a Jew!

[*Aloud*] You questioned me? I am a little absent
Excuse me, and repeat.

Hilton.

I questioned thus:

You rebels—traitors to your government—
Is it not enough to raise your hostile arm,
Against your lawful President and liege,
But dare you murder prisoners of war,
Like savage Indians?

Clinebell.

What would you with us,
Had we fallen in your loyal hands?
Are we not outlawed by your President?

Hilton.

Deserters—cowards—traitors—though your lives
Are forfeit to the law, and to the Union,
Cease murdering—come in and sue for mercy,
And you may yet be pardoned, as were your
leaders—

Your Lee, and all the lesser ranks, whose pardon,
On terms, was granted by the President.

Clinebell.

How mean you—Lee?

Hilton.

Aye, Lee! Why, know you not

That, all her cruel dream dissolved in air,
Rebellion lies in the dust, crushed and bleeding,
Suing for pardon from the outraged wrongs
Of a victorious, Union-loving North?

Clinebell.

[*Aside*] Not heard, but dreamt!

[*Aloud*] I have not heard, nor do I credit it.

Think you to save your life by blustering?

Come now—your name!

Hilton.

Hilton—at your service.

Clinebell.

So far, so good:

But is there anything in this report?

Hilton.

Anything? I tell you—glory be to God!

There is all in it!

Flashed over thousands of magnetic wires,

That palpitate electric joy beneath

The glorious import of their messages,

And bulletined where'er a press is known,

And belched, today, from twice ten thousand guns,

And shouted from a million throats, that mock

The deep, unmeasured pathos of the sea—

There swells, and grows, and roars, resounds and
bounds,

And leaps and echoes from the hills, and scales

All heights and penetrates the darkest wood,

And mellows all the meads, and vales, and glens,

This glorious sound: THE UNION IS RESTORED!

Clinebell.

[*Aside*] Farewell to watch—I must come in for
terms.

[*Aloud*] That makes a difference; what proof
have you?

Hilton.

There needs but little proof! Look at the sun—

The sky—sec you naught in the face of Nature
More bright than hitherto, that publishes
Rebellion as a thing of yesterday?
But if, purblind with treason, you read not
The alphabet of nature, or of God,
Here is a plainer mode: here is a paper
Which gives a full account of all that makes
The twelfth of May a Sabbath for all time,
And Appomattox sound like Calvary!
Read for yourself!

Clinebell [taking the paper.]

Ah well! let's have it in plain Dutch, Captain—
Upon the whole, I much prefer to read
The newspaper, to looking at the sun—
'Tis apt to make one sneeze. [*Reads.*]

THE REBELS CRUSHED!

GENERAL LEE SURRENDERS ALL HIS FORCES!

RICHMOND EVACUATED AND IN FLAMES!

No more; the war is over as you said;
I never had a memory for dates,
Nor incidents—therefore, I'll read no further.
A single line is all we need to know,
As single texts embody a whole creed.
The civil war is over; let us have peace!
You were my prisoner, but now are free,
Should I be yours, may you so ransom me.
There is one Hildebrand must know of this;
The only man in all this world, perchance,
That really cared not how events might fall,
Hating, and hated equally by all.

[*Goes to the rear of the tent and calls Hildebrand.*]

[*Enter Hildebrand.*]

Hildebrand.

What now? Why do you call?

Clinebell.

There's news afloat;

Here is a paper vouching in details,
The statement which this officer has made;
The war is over, amnesty declared—
Rebellion crushed, and all their forces taken!

Hildebrand.

And what have I to do with that result?
Will both now let the honest mass alone,
And leave the people to renew their friendship,
Or shall we have but fearful tragedy
Of peace, and solemn mockery of union?
Who is this officer?

Clinebell.

His name is Hilton.

Hildebrand.

Hilton? Thank God, thank God! the hour is come.
Ha! ha! the drinker of my blood now mine!
Destroyer of my flesh and family,
Down on your marrowbones!

[*Rising, draws his revolver; Clinebell interposes.*]

Clinebell.

For shame, my uncle!
He is unarmed, beneath our own tent-cloth!

Hilton.

Nay, let him shoot, the outlaw; here's my breast.

Hildebrand.

Harry, away! but for this hoped for hour
I would have cut my wind that dreadful day
My house was burned, my boys, my wife destroyed,
My Elise outraged—

Hilton.

Elise? is this a dream?
Elise is Hildebrand's—

Hildebrand.

And I am he!
I am the husband of the wife you slew,
The father of the girl you outraged!

Hilton.

Outraged?

Nay, saved from outrage! Rescuing her from
wrong,

I tried to save the mother, though too late.

Elise is mine, and—

Hildebrand.

Liar, you must die!

Hell is too shallow for my soul, should I

Relent, and fail to feed the crows on you.

I tell you, you must die! ho there!

Guard! aside, Harry! he shall die!

[Enter Guard.]

My men, we did not know, at first, the prize

Our recent capture furnished to our doors;

There stands, in bold defiance of our camp,

The basest of the Federal myrmidons

That have oppressed with cruelty the soldier;

One of your proud, well furnished popinjays,

With uniform as stainless in its blue

As his patrician blood, who never saw

A soldier, or a dog, but that he cursed him;

Who did myself the favor to destroy

My wife, and violate my only daughter.

Away with him, forthwith to Dorchester!

Bring me his head, strapped to the negro fellow,

We killed today!

[Exeunt guard, dragging Hilton with them.]

Clinebell.

[Aside] Now is my chance, and soon

My night of danger shall be safety's noon!

[Exit, after the guard.]

Hildebrand [Alone.]

So end the lives of all who dare encroach,

With impious and unholy passion stirred,

Upon the flowerlike purity of woman!

What other use has human code or canon,

What end more sacred, more approved of heaven,
Than to keep safe the ark of chastity,
Which in the sanctuary marriage rests?
And when the laws are silent, 'mid commotion,
Each man a sentinel of virtue stands—
Each father, and each brother, with a brand,
Encircles his own household gods with flame,
And says to outrage, or seduction's arts,
This threshold cross, and you shall surely die!
This to thy memory, Elise, was due—
This sacrifice, my child, thy injured fame
Demanded for thee, at a father's hand;
For he who could behold a woman's face.
Who kneels, immaculately innocent,
All passion-stirred, transformed, and beautiful—
Without religious, reverential awe,
Deserves to die as monsters are destroyed!
Heaven bear witness that Elise did soar
Whole atmospheres above our ruder souls;
Her character to ours by God was wrought,
As finest porcelain to the common clay,
Or pearl mosaic to grey marble floors!
In beauty like some type of excellence,
Preserved by faith, or providential care,
From all the wreck of ancient art,
Which followed in the wake of barbarous tribes,
She stood quite peerless, like a chiseled form,
Old-famed, superb, and wonderfully perfect!
Her spirit was tempered as a bird that sings
To greet the day, an hour before its dawn,
While all the forest listens for the music.

[*Enter a soldier, with Elise disguised in a Federal sergeant's uniform.*]

Soldier.

Cap'n, here's a young snipe came a runnin' inter
camp jist now—a deserter—wants to see you;

says the bottom's fell out—the Confederacy's gone up, and hell's to pay generly.

Hildebrand.

I have heard the news, and I am troubled now,
My boy, with other matters. Have you come
To swell our ranks?

Elise.

[*Aside*] How changed, how grey and saddened in
a week!

[*Aloud*] I wish a word in private.

Hildebrand [*to the soldier.*]

Retire; and Harry—

Not here? I did not see him go away—
Come now, my boy, what do you want with me?

Elise [*approaching him.*]

Look on me now, and hear me call you—father!

Hildebrand [*embracing her.*]

My son! my youngest! my own lost and found;
My dead, or spirit of the dead, arisen,
I ask not whence, nor whither—only feel
You are my son, restored to me, your father!
A father's heart is like a tideless sea,
That knows no reflux in its constancy!

Elise.

Father—are you deceived by this disguise,
That you behold lost Charlie in Elise?

Dear father, look again!

Hildebrand [*draws back.*]

It cannot be!

Poor broken flower, and have you then survived?
Come to this lonely heart—

Though desecrated, still its altar-piece,
And capable of miracles for me.

My child, my child! Revenge and retribution
By happy accident, have met to make
This stormy bosom calmer than its wont,
And almost taste a momentary peace;

Know then that I have just dispatched to death,
Captured and overtaken in his crimes,
That fiend that robbed you.

Hilton! Hilton!

I've sent with swift destruction down to hell!

Elise.

Hilton? then, Father, you have slain your child!

[A sharp ring of rifles is heard.]

Hildebrand.

Of Hilton, there you hear the loud death knell;
Those trusty rifles rang his funeral bell!

Elise.

Then they have rung mine too! *[She faints and falls.]*

Hildebrand.

What now, my child?

Where is the water to restore this breath?

[Sprinkles her from the camp-can.]

Open those blessed eyes of heavenly blue,
More beautiful to me than any fringed
With such dark drapery in all this world;
I know not what to think of this strange freak;
Revive—that first, and then for explanation.
It seems to me that life's a skein of fate,
With darker threads predominantly spun,
And that which should prolong may sometimes clip.
Rocked on this breast, sweet child, revive!

Elise.

Where am I? Is this but a horrid dream?

Is this my father—and where is my husband?

O, my husband! is he in danger, and I here—

Let go! I must away to him!

[Leaps from his arms and flies the tent.]

Hildebrand.

Gone? gone!

Let no man say I ever had a daughter!

If she could wed her mother's murderer,

Or call him lord who snatched with violence,
That gem of virtue which more sacredly
The modest guard, than fifty times their lives,
She is no child of mine; if gone, then gone!
For I will not pursue a willing flight,
Who would not pause to leap fullbreasted on
A wall of bayonets, or bowie-knives.
To liberate her, if her will were forced!

[Enter *Clinebell*.]

Clinebell.

Dorchester sends greeting! and says I must
Report to you his action for approval;
Our men hearing the general report,
Are seized with frenzies of delight at peace,
Without an aspiration save for pardon;
They do not wish to fight on their own hook
Against America, but will make terms,
And take the universal amnesty;
So Dorchester holds them a parleying,
And sends to know what you desire.

Hildebrand.

This first:

Is Hilton executed, as I did command?
It were not safe for any man to dam
The course of my revenge!

Clinebell.

[*Aside*] Salvation lies

The other way—so your revenge be damned!

[*Aloud*] Trust Dorchester for that! did you not
hear

The firing?

Hildebrand.

Yes—and every sound was like
Soft music to perturbed spirits—

Clinebell.

Now:

Give me my answer back for Dorchester—

Were't not best disband them peacefully,
Than suffer their discharge by mutiny?

Hildebrand.

Yes, let them go; and say to Dorchester,
That you and he, and all but Hildebrand,
Had better go, and seek the general terms.
My faithful followers have done enough;
I would not let my lonely destiny
Entangle farther theirs, since without shame,
They can accomplish all they fought to force—
Their right to live in peace, untaxed by war.
It is not always those who shout the loudest,
And fling their caps in air from empty heads,
And flaunt their tawdry gonfalons on high,
And cry to trumpets—blow our triumphs, blow!
To whom the solid victory belongs,
Else Christ himself were crucified in vain;
What we have done in Ozark may sometime
Repeat itself on more extended field,
And tyrants find of all our services,
The act of war should be most voluntary.
And now farewell; and say to all, farewell!
But one thing on this earth concerns me more;
My child, Elise, or she that once was such,
Deserted me because I slew the man
That did her violence; should she repent,
And wish to see her father once again,
Bid her communicate with me through Tubal,
My former and most faithful slave, now free.
My cave, known as the "Cave of Hildebrand,"
From this time forth shall be my sanctuary;
Its public opening furnishes no clue
To that apartment where I shall abide;
My secret entrance is to you alone,
Save Tubal and my lost Elise, confided.
Be not ashamed to share the trust with Tubal.
With all his faults, as drunkenness and theft,

I've never known him to betray his master;
I feel that he will not go back on me,
Although the keen distemper of the age
Turn white men from the paths of honesty.
'Tis better you should not abide with me;
You're young, and full of lusty strength of hope,
And tempered—not burnt through—by fire of war
Go to the world, as wise as it, but better!
For me, withered, branchless, by lightning struck,
I am an oak, windshaken, shattered all—
But let them stand from under where I fall!

Clinebell.

Uncle, farewell! Trust not too much to Tubal!
We will obey your orders and disband.

[Exit Clinebell.]

ACT III

SCENE I. *Near the secret entrance of Hildebrand's Cave. Present: Tubal, with a squad of colored volunteers sent to Captain Hildebrand.*

Tubal.

Squar yoselves into a line dar, boys—I'se gwine to harass de smeltitude!

[They form a line.]

Fellow men, and brodahs!

De honah is fell on you to surrender Hilderbranch! I myself is a small piece of greased lightnin, done up in brown paper; but I wants you all to hab de honah of tookin Hilderbranch, widout me! Cause why? Cause I use to b'long to him; and if you all done it wid me, I would monopolate all de glory-halleluyah! Dars de cave where he corn-shells heself! He's an Out-lord, a rip-bill, and a philopotamus of de deepest dye! Which one of you all is gwine to possum-tree to lead de way into dat hole in de groun? Who is de biggest patriarch 'mongst dis annsusannasty assembly? Now, don't all speak at onst!

[A dead silence.]

[To the 1st colored soldier:] Does you bespoke dis honah?

[To the 2d colored soldier:] Does you bespoke dis honah?

[To the 3d colored soldier:] Does you bespoke dis honah?

[*To the 4th colored soldier.*] Now Joe, does you copperhend dis loud silence by dese patriarchs. I tell you what it is, niggah, dey didn't none of 'em want to cut you outen dis honah! You's humanibusly elected to lead de way into dat cave! De country aint nebber gwine to forgit you for it! And your fore-fadders yit unborn ain't gwine to forgit you! De childun of a future generation is gwine to look forrid to you for an eggsampelter.

4th Colored Soldier.

Not much, dey aint, if dey speck me to go dar!
Let dem childun go in dar deyselves!

Tubal.

Come now, Joe, none dat nonsense!

I'se gwine forrid to de rear for reinforcemens, while you goes into dat hole wid dese waterants of de reglar cullud merlishy! Don't you spar Hildebranch! But if yo' can't kill him, took him alive; and at the mealtime I'll return on hand wid reinforcemens! *]Exit Tubal.]*

1st Colored Soldier.

Now den, Tubal done gone, who gwine into dat cave?

All.

You is!

1st Colored Soldier.

I is?

All.

You is!

1st Colored Soldier.

Who?

All.

You!

1st Colored Soldier.

Not if I know it! I can't took Hildebranch!

All.

Why couldn't you took him?

1st Colored Soldier.

Cause I'se left-handed!

All.

Yah! Yah! Yah!

1st Colored Soldier.

I'se gwine after reinfocemens! [*Exit hurriedly.*]

2d Colored Soldier.

Fellow man and bruddahs!

I perceives de law of dis regiment 'quires de highest ossifer present to be absent after reinfocemens! So I'se gwine too. But 'fore I goes I gwine to make you all dis proposhal; if you all will took Hildebranch, I will divide de thousand dollar reward; or I'll divide de reward, if you all will took Hildebranch! You can vote on dat; and so farwell! Dishabille 'quires me to leff! [*Exit.*]

4th Colored Soldier.

Men and bruddahs! I scratchulates you—

5th Colored Soldier.

Stop dar! I heers a noise!

All.

Whar?

[*Hildebrand makes his appearance at the mouth of his cave, flourishing his revolver. Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Hildebrand.

[*Alone*] Betrayed by Tubal—him I trusted most

Who, when my slave, has risked his life for mine.

Is this the earliest fruit of liberty?

If so, what will the ripened harvest be?

I wish I had a sexton in my cave,

That he might bury these damned crows as fast

As I should kill! But to leave them here to rot,

Unhouseled, is to draw the condors down,

To indicate my cave; I'll let them go!

Although my consience smites for leniency.

[*After a pause.*]

But no—the calm, cool twilight leads me on—

Away from vengeance, and away from wrong—
 Away from war—away from riot's surge—
 From wreck eternal of our best resolves—
 Away from Treason, and Oppression's hate—
 Away from false and sacrilegious war—
 Away from thought's tempestuous sea of error—
 Away from lust of power, and from despair—
 Away from all but God!
 Here would I pray—a lone man singular,
 And bent on being isolate, and free—
 An outlaw banned by man, by Heaven itself,
 Though pitied, half discouraged and discarded!
 But thou, God, knowest all our issues!
 Thou seest whither all our footpaths tend!
 O! teach Thine Outlaw how to praise!
 To pray is natural, but to praise inspired!
 Thou God, art God, from dayspring unto dayspring!
 Thou spakest worlds, and there were worlds!
 Thou madest a sign, and lo, how many worlds?
 We do not know—we cannot prophecy!
 We call up to the sky, and get no voice!
 Unto the harvest-moon, she gives no sign!
 We call the planets by their names, no answer!
 We hail the Sun by title; yet no knowledge;
 Orion, and the twinkling Bear—we hail;
 We mark the curling clouds, and yet no tear!
 We dip our ankles in the flowers; no murmurs!
 We call to flying birds, 'Be still!' They stay not!
 We say to callow eagles, 'Pause'—no rest!
 Unto the prairie crying, we get no sympathy;
 Unto the forest, and but hollow sound—
 Unto the spanning arch we speak, no utterance—
 We ask all living things, and yet no oracle—
 The stars too are inquired of, and yet no voice;
 The old, old stars are sought, without avail;
 We strike upon the mountain-side; no hint;
 To the lightning, say we: 'Tell it us!' in vain;

And from the blushes of disclosing morn,
No meaning ever comes—
And to the roaring cataract: ‘What knowest thou?’
And no intelligence;
And to Missouri, foaming like the fretted sea—
And to his roar eternal, and immeasurably grand,
We call, and no allusion!
And yet we know there is a God,
From dayspring unto dayspring, Thou art He!
Take thou my hand!
God made, God take, God pity Hildebrand!
[Exit, re-entering his cave.]

SCENE II.—*In Ozark. Clinebell, and the Vigilants, around their camp-fire, drinking.*

1st Vigilant.

Whoop! whoop! hurra! Give us a song! Is there not some one here can howl a hymn, or strike a trail in prayer, or sight a yarn—talk horse talk, or moral slugend, or pious noration? Whoop! whoop! hurra!

2d Vigilant.

Come, Clinebell, sing us some deserter’s rhyme, or bloody snatch of your banditti!

Clinebell.

You need not wink at your partners! He shall not call me banditti. I’ll put the daylight through him!

3d Vigilant.

Never mind—he shall take the ban off your ditty, and ask a civil song.

4th Vigilant.

Ha! ha! If he take the band off, shall not his hat come too?

3d Vigilant.

That’s what’s the matter! How shall we have music, if he take the band away?

1st Vigilant.

Come boys—ah, pshah! put up your weepens,
and let's have drinks, and a song. Say you didn't
mean any harm, Maine, and Ozark, you ax his
pardon.

4th Vigilant.

If he axe his pardon, he may save himself a
helve fight, eh?

The Vigilants.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

2nd Vigilant.

Well, my knife is up, since there's so much fun
aboard. Let's liquor.

Clinebell.

All right—here's my paw. Let's drink, and
then I'll sing. [*They drink—Clinebell sings.*]

SONG.

The pickets are out, and the wary scout,
And the camp-fire's burning bright;
With jovial souls and flowing bowls,
We'll have a good time tonight, tonight,
We'll have a good time tonight.

Chorus.—Whatever the world may think of us
We care not for its frown;
While-ever good fellows will drink to us,
Our cares and sorrows we'll drown.

We're in for the war, and many a scar
Will show how we've urged the fight;
But with jovial souls, and flowing bowls,
We'll have a good time tonight, tonight,
We'll have a good time tonight.

Chorus.—Whatever the world may think, etc.

We fight for the cause of equal laws—
May God defend the right!

But with jovial souls, and flowing bowls,
We'll have a good time tonight, tonight,
We'll have a good time tonight.

Chorus.—Whatever the world may think, etc.

The Vigilants.

Hunky boy! bully! let's drink to him.

[*They all drink.*]

1st Vigilant.

Gentle-men! I propose we mount'r horses, and into town, and kick up a little bit of hell! Not much hell, you know, but jist enough to let 'em know we're on it. What d'ye say?

2d Vigilant.

All right—let's to town.

Clinebell.

Excuse me, comrades—I am to meet Captain Clark, tonight.

2d Vigilant.

Ah, yes—it might be dangerous for *you* to go to town—better stay away—ha! ha!

3d Vigilant.

He'd rather meet the clerk* than the judge, by a long distance.

4th Vigilant.

Not so long—the distance is but nine inches.

3d Vigilant.

How make you that?

4th Vigilant.

The measure is this: is not life but a span, and shall not a span be nine inches?

3d Vigilant.

You are short of it by just thirty-seven inches, English measure, as I can prove.

The Vigilants.

How is that?

*The old English pronunciation, *clark*, prevails in many parts of Missouri.

3d Vigilant.

The distance of his preference between the clerk and the judge—is that the question? Well, it is just an inch added to an L. And that makes thirty-seven inches, plus nine! ha! ha!

4th Vigilant.

Makes not that three poles, to wit, two upright, and one across the top?

The Vigilants.

Ha! ha! ha!

3d Vigilant.

The third should be a beam, and he had better keep that out of his sight.

The Vigilants.

Ha! ha! ha! What say you, Ozark?

Clinebell.

Gentlemen, let us drink and be merry! But take my advice; never presume on any beam in the sight, or mote in the eye of Harry Clinebell! Wide awake and duly sober shall be my motto, and then—hands off, ruffians! And now, until we meet again, good-night! *[Exit.]*

1st Vigilant.

He is a saucy fellow, but brave as cold steel.

2d Vigilant.

The hemp that grew for him is now in skein.

3d Vigilant.

But the cock that crew for him ain't in your Maine.

[Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE III.—*In the forest of Ozark; a pathway, in which is set up a blue flag—the signal of the Vigilants. Enter Clinebell.*

Clinebell.

Not here to our appointment, though the time
Is ripe, and fleeting past the hour of five;
He may not come at all; I hope will not;
The play of bowie-knives upon breastbones,
Was wont to have a charm for me in peace;
In war, to skirt close to the picket's post,
And almost feel his breath, where but to strike
A pebble falsely were most instant death;
Or hand to hand engage a Hoosier or a Bear,
Or swim Missouri, with bullets making spray
Around my head, like raindrops in a storm—
Such ventures I have courted these four years;
But to face Hildebrand! to catch that eye
More steady than a lion-tamer's gaze;
Or he the lion roused, and I the tamer,
With a white spot at heart discerned too late—
I do not like the outlook from this rock
On which I stand, too far to meet the stream
Except by crossing it; I must go through;
'Twas Hildebrand enraged, that led me in,
And Hildebrand betrayed must lead me out.
I must give up his hiding-place, or be
Myself suspected of the Vigilants, and some
Fair morning find a mule at large,
With Clinebell's empty saddle on his back.
They half suspect me now, and well they may!
Venting their private malice here, and hatred there,
Pursuing horse-thieves on a stolen jade.
Between them, and the wretches they pursue,
The difference is as broad as the equator,
Being length imaginary, without thickness.
It is too thin; Rebel and Yankee unite
To do in peace, what neither dared in war.
But Clinchbell first! there is a moral key,
Which, like preferment to a demagogue,

Solves doubts more quick than conscience can pro-
pound. [Enter Captain Clark.]

But here comes Clark.

Well met, brave Vigilant,
Though something later than appointment.

Clark.

Something.

Lay down the programme now for active duty.

Clinebell.

You are a man, if rumor does you justice,
Whose soldier bluntness wastes no words; so first,
The terms; what share of the reward is mine?
[Aside] I'll teach this Lacon brevity! ha! ha!

Clark.

Your pardon.

Clinebell.

No thanks! I have that already,
Obtained as soon as yours; weren't you a rebel?

Clark.

A rebel, but not outlawed like yourself;
Outlaws are not within the general terms.

Clinebell.

No matter—I am with the Vigilants,
And have my pardon well assured;
You must do better by me; I must have
One-half of the reward—five hundred dollars.

Clark.

Impossible; I have my followers,
And each one shares with me.
They're gentlemen.

Clinebell.

[Aside] No doubt—nice moral bears—
Sweet prairie wolves!

[Aloud] Then let me have one-fourth.

Clark.

Impossible—one tenth; my men must feel
Their honor satisfied.

Clinebell.

[*Aside*] Ye Gods!

I thought their honor was impalpable.

[*Aloud*] Give me an eighth.

Clark.

One hundred dollars only.

Clinebell.

Shall I not have his arms?

Clark.

His arms also.

Clinebell.

Then be it as you say; one tenth for me,
And all accoutrements within his cave.
No man on earth knows how to find his cave
But me, and his old slave—one Tubal—
Who had as lief meet Hildebrand in war,
As rattlesnakes the hunter's wand of ash,
From which, through fire, they dash in wild
dismay.

He sleeps in day, and forages by night.
At four this eve, he may be found asleep,
Outside the secret entrance to his cave—
His arms within its solid arch of stone.
I will, as guide, betray the secret path,
And when we reach the entrance to the cave,
Your Vigilants precipitate themselves
Upon his form, if you have men that dare.

Clark.

Myself and five; we shall enjoy the sport
As Irishmen a wake.

Clinebell.

[*Aside*] God grant awake

He prove!

[*Aloud*] I take no part, except as guide;

He is my uncle.

Clark.

Ah? I did not know **it**.

Your family—are they all of his mild manners?

Clinebell.

With one exception, we are somewhat rude.
Like yours, we rank as Border Ruffians;
But Hildebrand an only daughter has,
That could (with deference to you,) withstand
The censure of such critics as yourself;
In nature softly tempered, and as pure
As woman-worshippers delight to paint
Cecilia, or the saintliest saints that graced
The calendar of young and better days.
For Hildebrand and me—we are undone,
And rate as nothing all our family ties;
But Elise (daughter of this Hildebrand,—)
Is something higher than the family tree,
And leads me to regret you have not known her.
[*Aside*] Cold steel beneath his ribs, if I mis-
take not!

Clark.

No matter, do not speak of her; one moment—
Let see; your cousin she; your cousin, aye?
I think you said she was a maiden still;
You called her Hildebrand—unmarried?
It makes no difference to me, you know,
But still I think you said unmarried?

Clinebell.

Did I say so?

Clark.

Say it? Of course you did!
What now? Will you go back on what you said?
Speak out—is Elise married, or a maid?

Clinebell.

She is alive, and well; but whether she
Is married, or in virginity
Unbroken as a vase of alabaster,
I do not certify.

Clark,
But do you know?
It matters not to me, save that once
I knew her well—

Clinebell.
Not only knew, but well?
Why what an honor to our family!
I hope you found her not unworthy?

Clark.
Knew and admired her, and cherish still
The hope that the misfortunes of the father
Have spared the child, who seemed of different
stock,
And finer filament of texture, as
A seed the wind has carried from a garden,
And hidden in the cleft of some old rock,
May germinate, and blossom like the wildlings,
But yet make strange the circumambient air
With most unwonted and unnatural sweetness,
Putting to shame the scentless sisterhood;
So Elise seemed too high for her surroundings.
When did you see her?

Clinebell.
Only three days since.

Clark.
And was she married, or still a maiden?

Clinebell.
That question is so very personal;
Thus far conjecture went—she looked a maid,
Fresh as the dewdrop on the rose, or hay-cocks!

Clark.
There was one Hilton, she disliked.

Clinebell.
I'm glad of that! I'm glad of that!

Clark.
Why glad? have you an interest also?
It seems to me that there are maids who vex

The world with one persistent rivalry—
Whom but to see is to adore with worship
More natural than that we owe to saints.
Do you enter the lists for Elise too?
Else why rejoice that Hilton is despised?

Clinebell.

Why do you trot me through the categories?
Have you an interest also in Elise?
Now frankly, I feel none; and that is honest;
But having heard the story otherwise—
That Hilton was preferred among her lovers,
And fearing lest he might have married her—

Clark.

I thought you said she was unwed!

Clinebell.

Did I say so?

I thought I said with truth, I did not know.

Clark.

Here come my Vigilants; the hour grows late:
We'll more of this on opportunity;
At present we must forward; hillo there!

[*Enter the Vigilants, who pass across the scene;
exeunt Clark and Clinebell after them.*]

SCENE IV. *In front of the secret entrance to Hildebrand's cave. Present: Hildebrand bound; Clinebell, Clark and other Vigilants.*

Hildebrand.

Well done, brave Vigilants—well done!
To seize an old man sleeping without arms!
No man can cope with low, mean treachery;
Hide not behind your worthy comrades, boy!
Mine eye shall reach your soul, my tongue your
ear;

(For conscience—that God failed to render you,
As some are born sightless, or without speech.)
I have no child; but if I had a son,

And he did not pursue your faithless track
From this time forth, until his bowie-knife
Cleft your base heart in twain from lobe to lobe,
I would, were he the last that bore my name,
Most gaily bear me at his funeral.
Take your reward with these base Ruffians,
Who think by crying 'stop thief' to evade
The proper sanction of their well-known crimes.

Clark.

Come, come, old man! You are a prisoner,
And I advise you to be reticent
Or season speech with less of your abuse.

Hildebrand.

What, Clark, you here and in command, who ran
Before my single arm, with ten recruits?
Where are the horses you have stole these two
years

Under pretence of military orders—
Where are the rings your followers have torn
From fair and loyal fingers, undefended
From highway robbery? Where are the watches—

Clark.

You lie, old Outlaw; and your scorpion tongue
May hurry you to hell!

1st Vigilant, [a Confederate.]

Not the reward—dead or alive?
Let me dispatch the fierce old murderer!
To my own knowledge, he had thirteen men—
Confederates sent to arrest—shot down
In coldest blood!

2d Vigilant, [a Federal.]

Upon a time, he saw
A company of colored soldiers coming,
And straightway raised aloft the stars and stripes,
And lured them on to lay aside their arms,
Till at a sign from him, his outlawed band
Most treacherously set upon the blacks,

And murdered all but one or two of them,
Whom flight, not Hildebrand, reprieved.

3d Vigilant.

We might rake hell and sift the coals, ere we
Should find a worser hellgamite than he!

Hildebrand.

See, Clark, how brave your Vigilantès are!
Give me one arm, and my revolver free,
And if I do not make the dogs retreat,
I am not Hildebrand!

Clark.

Not much! Release you?
Do you think me an idiot or insane?

Hildebrand.

Neither; 'tis true, I heard my daughter say,
You were a soft-pate scoundrel.

Clark.

O, you lie!
You lie! you lie! and shall be shot for that!
Hillo there! form your line! we'll stop his mouth!

[*The Vigilants form a line, and level their pieces.*
Enter Hilton, followed by Federal soldiers.]

Hilton.

Ground arms! who fires a shot, dies on the spot!
Forward men! I am commander here!

Clark.

Who dares countermand me? by God,
We'll see!

Hilton.

Rebel, scarcely pardoned, beware!
If but one hair of that old man be touched,
I swear my men shall leave no one of you,
Loyal or otherwise, to tell the tale.
I am in earnest; look ye well to it.
To bring to order this tumultuous section,
By martial law, is my commission here,
And this marauding in the name of order—

This truly loyal carnival of crime—
Must cease.

Clark.

Is Hildebrand not outlawed,
With a reward for him—dead or alive?
We claim we have a right to execute him!

Hilton.

And so you have a right to die yourselves!
I say ground arms! who dares to disobey!

[*The Vigilants obey Hilton.*]

Hildebrand.

Spirit of some dark mystery unsolved,
If anything on earth could shake my nerves,
It were to see the dead return to life.
By what strange chance you are redeemed from
death,
I cannot tell.

Hilton.

Your nephew here—not here?
I thought I saw him with the Vigilants?
No matter; were he here, he could resolve you
How cheaply I redeemed my life from him;
By promise to commend himself to pardon,
And how with harmless volleys in the air,
He cheated you to think your bloody order
Had been forthwith enacted in my blood;
How in Elise's ear, of my escape
He whispered tenderly to comfort her,
And when you bade your ragged troop disband,
How Harry brought my angel to my side,
And I redeemed my pledge, and in return
Secured his pardon.

Hildebrand.

Call him not my nephew!
My family were Virginians, thank God!
He is the scion of this upstart West,
With no relation but himself, no God,

No altar, and no faith in aught, but thrift.

Hilton.

No more of him, the world is full of such;
We cannot make men fit ideal moulds,
But must take them as God hath modeled them;
Nay even more, we must so take ourselves;
His hand that holds us up hath fashioned us
Not all of good, nor altogether ill,—
But in such strange proportion as seemed fit,
Incomprehensibly to us, but just,
To mix the elements composing man—
The best inclined from perfect rectitude,
The worst with some material still of good.

Hildebrand.

I do not like you, Hilton, though you spare me;
But I do love my violet, Elise,
With that full scope of old paternal love,
Which once the lofty-minded God of Light,
In fable, lavished on his Hyacinthe,
Upon whose leaves are woven notes of grief.
Where is she, Hilton? Disregard these minions;
Forget the cruel cords which bound these arms—
Make nothing of my fate—a poor old man—
This only, for the love of mercy, tell—
Elise, my darling child: is she still well?

[*Enter Elise.*]

Hilton.

Receive her answer! She is here!

Elise, [embracing him.]

O, Father!

Be all our life His praise, for God is good!
And be His name upon our tongues forever,
For he has brought us timely to your rescue.
And here wrenched by the leverage of prayer,
From hesitating wills, behold your pardon!

[*Gives him a paper.*]

Who dare reproach? take but this oath attached,

And you stand all as blameless and as free,
And unimpeached, as any in the land,
How far we traveled to procure this writ—
How at the feet of him, the President,
Who roughly represents nobility,
I knelt, it matters not at once to tell;
If prayers, like declining satellites,
Melt into rosy morning at the last,
The clouds they struggled through, are best forgot:
This much is certain: Father you are free!
Take but this oath, and all your chains discharged,
You walk your mountain-paths again, enlarged!

Hildebrand.

Take but this OATH! God be my judge, and more,
And send me fast beyond redeeming grace,
If ever I consent to break my soul
Upon the wheel of expurgating oaths!

Elise.

'Tis but the universal amnesty, which all have
taken,—even Robert Lee!

Hildebrand.

Though all were more than all can claim to be—
Though at the stake I stood, and clouted chiefs
Piled fagots to my chin, and but this oath
Between me, and sweet liberty and life,
I still would scorn to let it pass my lips.
By oaths the devils knit their leagues in hell;
By oaths conspirators are rashly bound;
By oaths the demagogue deludes the mass
And thus most mischievously robs the State.
By oaths the consciences of men are seared,
And nations lowered in the scale of truth;
By oaths have old Republics paved the way
Through anarchy to vile obedience,
And spiritless subservience to wrong;
Let others swear, who have betrayed some trust!
Let vanquished and victors in carnival

By oaths, crown perjury their liege and king;
For one, I will refuse the sacrilege!

Elise.

O, Father! Elise, kneeling at your feet,
Asks that your pardon make her joy complete!

Hildebrand.

My daughter, anything but this! you have
Your husband, and my blessings on you both;
Whatever else he be, I know him brave,
And courage is the guarantor of faith.
Let not my older knowledge and forecast
Dim the sweet lustre of your married bliss—
Upon the walls of time I see the future
Hung like a cartoon which the painter, Death
Calls on his pupil History to fill:
Assassination, child of stern old wrong,
Begot unlawfully upon Despair,
Like Gracchus brave, like Brutus stern and just;
And Peculation, Bribery and Fraud,
Gaunt Penury, Rape, Murder, and Revenge,
Domestic Feud, and Races ill-conjoined,
Outrage, and Pestilence, and Fire, Disease,
Hypocrisy, and License, Lust, and Rage,
Shall like subalterns of the Macedon,
In turn, divide and rule the provinces,
Until old Tyranny aroused, swoop down,
And stretch his raven wings from sea to sea!
For me, I give all pardon to the winds.

[Tears up the pardon.]

'Tis for the injured to forgive the wronger
I can not pardon you, my countrymen!
God says forgive our enemies, but there
Is no injunction to forgive our friends!
My heart is like the hollow of a taper,
Intensely dark, where all is light around,
Yet all the hotter for its vacancy;
Let Vigilants beware, and Federals stand off;

Here is my temple—here I take my stand,
And God, not man, may pardon Hildebrand!
[*Exit, re-entering his cave.*]
Hilton.

'Tis over; he must go his way—we ours.
Sergeant! [to the *Federals*]

Take back your company to camp.
And Clark, see that your Vigilants disband;
Their duties, self-assumed, devolve on me;
Leave Hildebrand alone! Come, Elise, let us go,
His life is safe if we can make it so.

[*Exeunt Hilton and Elise.*]

Clark.

Comrades farewell! love—rank—both, I resign;
Today is his—tomorrow may be mine!

[*Exeunt Vigilants and Federals in different directions.*]

NOTE.—If any one should feel interest in the history of Hildebrand beyond the point where this historical drama leaves him, he can consult the files of the St. Louis journals of the late Autumn of 1865. Various expeditions were organized for his capture, the last and largest numbering not less than 300 men. He baffled them all, with almost incredible hardihood, and daring, and finally escaped to Texas, where he is now supposed to be living under an assumed name. The author need hardly add that he no more holds himself bound to defend his eccentric political invective, than he does to answer the various indictments now pending against him in the courts of Missouri. [Author's note 1880(?)]

KATE McDONALD

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CARTER BLAND.....A Southern Patriot
Finley.....Bland in disguise
Pennington, An escaped Confederate prisoner, entered at Toronto University.

Latrobe.....A detective of the United States

Sandford.....A Newspaper correspondent

Latimer } Friends of Bland, conspired against
Price } Latrobe.

Commandant of the Department of the East

Captain Van Dyke.....his Adjutant

Pompey.....his colored Orderly (a Freedman)

Dennis Mahon.....An Attorney

Doctor Froisart.....An elderly French adopted
Citizen.

General Crawford..President of Military Commission.

Members of the Commission, Guardsmen, etc.

KATE McDONALD.....In love with Bland

Judith Vane.....An old domestic

KATE McDONALD

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Parlor in the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, Canada.*

Finley—[alone.]

Poor Kate! I fear her curious woman's eye!
But ne'ertheless, though all the eyes of Argus
Keep sentinel, and look through her bright two,
I cannot, dare not, let myself forget
She is the daughter of my country's friend.
If but the cargo of results I steer
Through rapids, for that country's good, were safe,
It mattered little what betid the pilot!

[Enter Kate McDonald.]

Miss Kate McDonald? Pardon me! Report
Does credit to your character in this:
She says you have come upon a filial mission—
O! pardon me, that I have bathed such sweet
Sunlight of soul as saddens in your face
With tears! it is because I too have known
Deep grief—it may be wrongs still unredressed—
That leads me to make offer of an arm,
Not potent here, but willinger than strong,
To serve you if I can. May I not ask
Your confidence? How stands it with your father?

Kate McDonald.

Not well; why should a stranger ask?

Finley.

Because the press, which like the conscience of the world,

Repeats at night the record of the day,
This morning waked our pity that your father
Arraigned before a Military Court,
(Before which freemen were not wont to stand
Except in countries where no law prevails,)
Had been condemned to fatal punishment
For having aided in conspiracy
Those rash Confederates, if such there were,
Who joined in mad attempt to fire New York.
And you, 'twas farther stated, had come here
To gather proofs against the serious charge,
That a new trial might reverse his doom.
I see, fair lady, I have moved you much—
Forgive me, for 'tis not impertinence
Has led me to repeat this current gossip—
My object and apology are better;
I fain would serve your errand if I might—
Will you accept my proffered intercession?

Kate.

[*Aside*] (That voice! that familiar tone!)
With my full heart, and its best tide of thanks!
God knows I stand in need of friendly office;
A woman, and alone, in a strange land,
Scarce knowing whom or what she seeks, save that
A life hangs on the issue of her mission!

Finley.

Then it is true—the statement I have read?

Kate.

Alas! too true; would it were otherwise!
Yet false; my father, sir, is innocent!

Finley.

But tell me, how came he in this suspicion?

Kate.

[*Aside*] (Surely this is he—my inapproachable!)
There were Confederates who staid with us;
But what designs they had upon the city,
Alas, my father nothing knew, nor feared.
One morn they left us; did not say farewell;
We never saw them more, altho' we thought
They would return that night, as was their wont
To lodge with us. We knew them to be Southern,
But we cared not; my father hated this
Unnatural strife; the rack could not extort
One word that would betray a refugee,
Northern or Southern—loving all alike,
And hating only fratricidal war.
That night the fire broke out at many points
In strange localities that showed, 'twas said,
Its birth incendiary, and most wicked;
The beds in the Saint Nicholas in flames;
Slow matches under banks and museums;
Alarm clocks, with the alarum bells detached,
Ingenuously wound to strike a match
In the dead stillness of the sleeping night.

Finley.

But what connection had your father?

Kate.

None!

Most absolutely none! nor did we dream him
Suspected of the rash design alleged,
Till suddenly, and unannounced, one day,
An officer—a stern, curt fellow too—
Called at our house, and made demand for him.
We knew, hence feared, no wrong; in converse
warm

They left the house, and from that day to this
Our eyes have never rested on his face;
A soldier came and brought a note from him;
He was in prison, charged with harboring

Confederates conspired to burn New York!

Finley.

Alas! these days are fraught with deeds like this!
What have you done—your friends—to rescue
him?

Kate.

We are but two, my sister and myself,
Who, with our father, though his health is frail,
Battle the world, and keep all want at bay.

Finley.

Then let me be your brother! What is there
A brother's arm might supplement?

Kate.

Nothing!

All that we can do in New York is done;
They would not let us see him, but repelled
Us from his prison-door. The Tombs bear witness
We have besieged the Commandant in vain,
A popinjay, his adjutant, still says—
“The General cannot be seen today!”
And then he ogles us, and stares, and whispers.
The nice young men, with such brave uniforms!
God help the Union, if its stay were these!

Finley.

The Union! God in heaven save the mark!
As soon shall sparrows peck down pyramids,
Or moles intrench a town with moat and mound,
As these bright-buttoned puppets called a ‘staff’
Support the strength, or weaken the defence
Of any single thing or place on earth!
I know such well—have brushed them from my
path

By squads, and asked for their superiors!
But let me not usurp your current story.

Kate.

Worn out by oft-discouraged intercessions—
Denied all entrance at his prison-door,

One day a letter came from his own hand,
Informing us his fate had been postponed,
With leave to send to Canada for proofs
To prove him innocent; and so while she
Remains at home to serve him as she may,
I come, as you have read, to find our friends;
For well they know, whate'er themselves designed,
Our father is most innocent.

Finley.

Who are
Your Southern friends? You have their names
at least?

Kate.

Their names, but naught beyond; here is the list.
We had a friend preceded them with us,
And boarded in our family many months,
Whom they all knew but to respect and love
As soldiers love a leader; and with cause.
We loved him too—that is—as friends should love;
Could I but find him here, (and I am not
Without the hope of such felicity—),
My drift of troubles would grow less or melt
Beneath the sun of his warm sympathy!

Finley.

His name?

Kate.

Was Carter Bland!

Finley.

And see you aught
In him who now addresses you like Bland?

Kate.

He wore a ring like that! [*points to his finger.*]

Finley.

Kate!

Kate.

Captain Bland!

[*They embrace. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—*A private room in same Hotel.* Present:
Finley, Pennington.

Finley.

I tell you, Friend, all things are possible
To men of nerve, who strike where least expected,
With cool precision, mixed with headlong dash!
A tiger on the plains has put to rout
Whole caravans—remorseless, sudden, sure—
But Gods! at every step this Thompson thwarts us!
He holds the tourniquet upon our veins,
And will not yield to us the blood of action!
I know he has in bank Confederate gold,
Unstint, unused, unhandled, save to count.
How was it when Beall thundered at the gates
Of yonder Island, where our prisoners lay?
I have been told he gave him for that venture
Thirty eagles—enough to make a prey
Of those whom thrice the same, perchance, had
saved!

And Cole assured me this it was that brought
The whole adventure to disastrous end!

Pennington.

And how did Cole make that result appear?
I thought the problem failed for want of terms;
Thus—given six cavaliers with bowie-knives
To sink two gun-boats, iron-clad, equipped,
And by surrounding force to come to terms
A garrison of twice two hundred men,
Well armed and victualled for thirty days!

Finley.

You may be right—you may be wrong; I know
That Cole ascribed it all to Thompson's folly;
This was the account he gave, on his escape
From prison, and return to Canada:
The "Philo Parsons" plied from off Detroit,
Touching Canadian Sandwich on her course,
Abreast blue Erie down to Sandusky.

At Sandwich Beall should board her in disguise,
With such Confederates as he could enlist;
Should rise and seize her nearing Johnson's Isle,
On which our suffering prisoners lay immured.
On that same night, appointed long before,
It was arranged that Cole should entertain
With great magnificence of wine and feast,
The officers who watched the Isle, and those
Who manned the Michigan, whose iron bulk
Lay like a watchdog at the Island's door.
Cole had a dozen spirits, brave and true,
At Sandusky, sworn on the Evangelists
To rescue the Confederate prisoners,
Or dare, and perish in the vain attempt;
And certain leaders, prisoned on the Isle,
Apprised, should rise upon that night and aid;
Cole's confrères in the town would signal Beall,
When all was ready for combined assault.
The scheme worked well; Cole's plans to consummation

Ran smoothly on without impediment;
Beall did his part, and all seemed ripe for action;
Cole sent to our Commissioner for funds,
As only these were wanting to the plot;
Thompson refused his quest! by Heaven, refused!
With thousands trusted to him to dispense
Not as he would, but for our common cause,
He stood upon a penny's discount, when
We drew upon him for the lives of men!

Pennington.

Vive Thompson! of marplots in this strange world,
Where all is chance, commend me to your miser!
I've noted this at cards and funerals—

Finley.

Cole says the eve rose beautifully bright;
The Northern twilight bound the day to night
With bridge of gold, reflecting either shore;

Later, the evening-star arose, and soon
A shower of arrows, silver-tipped, fell down
From out the hornèd quiver of the moon;
The Aurora flung great streams of milky light
Athwart the glory of the Northern sky;
Proud Sirius blazed, Orion answered him;
While sinking in the South, the Warrior waved
His sword of fire, and girt his golden belt!
Then Beall, the lion-hearted, neared the Isle,
And waited for the signals to ascend—
But none disturbed the temper of the night—
The cause, Cole solemnly avers, was this:
Dénied all funds, he sought perforce for credit,
And when the night appointed had arrived,
And his well-furnished feast was spread with wines,
His guests, the Federal officers, on hand,
A bailiff on the shoulder tapped mine host,
And led him off, a prisoner for debt;
The cause of his arrest unknown, he thought
Himself betrayed, and thus betrayed himself;
His guests returned to duty on the ship;
No signal rockets were sent up the sky,
And in the gloom, Beall's men read blank despair;
Himself, 'twas said, would still have forward gone;
His men refused—and all was at an end!
And all this failure of a grand design
Lies at a miser's door—a paltry broker—
Who played the dotard, when his role was young!

Pennington.

Cole should have read Poor Richard's Almanack—
‘Postpone your ball or rout until
You've settled your green-grocer's bill.’

Finley.

[*Aside*] I cannot move this boy.
Yes—yes! 'tis over now—lament is vain,
And Beall, 'tis said, gone whence his fathers came,
To England—England, mistress of the sea,

The old memorial home of Liberty!

Pennington.

A case of better Old than New for Beall—

I fancy Boston were unsafe for him—

But tell me, Finley, did you know this Beall?

Finley.

No—that is, not so well as I have wished—

Though better than his country's enemies.

Pennington.

I knew him when a boy; he saved my life;

As luck would have it, I have not repaid

That debt, although I swore an oath to do it.

His raid reached me, thanks to the Northern press,

And stimulated my escape from prison,

That I might save, or perish with my friend.

Finley.

Suppose him gone, as rumor says he is,

And there were schemes worthy of his behest,

Some other had espoused, or sworn to carry—

What then? Would you not give a helping hand?

Pennington.

I would—or give or take, I care not which—

Howe'er you deal the cards, pass me not by!

In fun, you'll find my hand contains the high,

In love, not low, but ever Jack am I,

In fight, I play for game, and win or die!

Finley.

Good! I in fight have sorted you a hand;

Hear, and decide to play and win—or die!

To achieve needs only courage or despair;

Brave Cortez, with retreat at hand, was weak;

Escape consumed to ashes with his ships,

His Spaniards, but a handful, saw him rise

Above the Montezuma's throne of gold;

And had the wild Arabian Prophet paused

To take the census of his proselytes,

And finding them but thirteen in three years,

Had lost self-confidence, or trust in God,
He ne'er had formed an epoch for the world,
Nor crystalized a faith for half of it.
God alone is; and He has power to draw,
From out the seed of venture, certain fruit!
The highest possibility our aim,
Our purpose married to a steadfast faith,
The right our watchword, and we must succeed!
My scheme is this: these inland seas, the Lakes,
Encircle many islands lined with wood;
I am a wood-contractor, say, with hands
Of my selection, hired to cut for me;
I fill my Island with Confederates—
Good Southern wood-choppers, with axe by day,
And rifles well secreted for the night;
I can enlist a hundred in a month,
Escaped from Northern prisons on the border,
Without resource for reaching Southern homes.
I have them on my Isle; a ship goes by:
We rise as Beall (a hundred trusty souls
Where he had ten,) five leagues below Detroit,
And boldly push upon her in an hour!
Ashes for ashes! Do you comprehend?

Pennington.

I do—as clearly as the blind man saw—
Ashes to ashes! dust to dust! amen!
Is it a funeral?

Finley.

Aye! and a pyre!

Ashes for ashes! mark you, this is War!

Pennington.

A marksman marked me that at Pittsburgh Land-
ing,
Since when a limp has been my monitor,
So that I cannot jump to your conclusions;
Explain!

Finley.

I will, if now you'll leave your jests,
But for a moment of more serious thought,
And let that ardor which your wound attests,
Take fire, if what I say be worth your heat.
By shot, and shell, and steel, and sword, and fire,
Our enemies have taught us this is War!
The flames of Jackson and Columbia light
Our fancies on to retribution just;
The bulk of all their forces from abroad,
The very dregs and cankers of the world,
At ease, and undisturbed at home, our foes
Retain their wonted luxury of life;
They eat, and drink, and laugh at their own jests,
And read of battles as Arabian tales,
Or old achievements of chivalric times;
Now, I would bring the struggle home to them!
The dogs of strife should bite as well as bark;
They should, through suffering, feel what they inflict;

Our churches turned from godly use to stalls;
Our sisters outraged, brothers slain in battle;
Our forests leveled, boundary-stones removed;
Our homesteads razed, tombs sacrificed;
Our graves ransacked for gems, or ghastly gain;
Our cities, nests of commerce once, and marts
Of trade, now smouldering in solitude;
Sweet villas perforate with wanton shot;
Books, pictures, gems of art, despoiled or used
For basest substitution in the camp;
Gaunt, barren Ravage monarch crowned, with
 sway

O'er broad Savannas—plains once rife with food;
All order thrust aside; all credit drowned!
Could *they* feel these, there were an end of War!
There is no purer element than Fire!
Let us, some dark night, sweep down on Detroit,

Where Lust and Murder hold high carnival,
And plunge her in the purer bath of flame!
Our prisoners released from living graves
To swell the current of our sudden raid;
The North alarmed, and Canada inflamed
By threats of being overrun, in turn;
Britain aroused by trespass on her soil—
All these results may flow from one brave stroke!
Then let us raise our eyes and souls to them,
And fire our exiles here with some high aims
Above their appetites for drink and play—
O, God! that men should be so lost to shame!
With our brave Southern hearts, were they but
trained,
We could, with pop-guns, curb our foes!

Pennington.

No doubt!

But then they will not fight us with pop-guns—
The rascals! would they could be brought to that!

Finley.

These cherished schemes I have laid bare to
Thompson,
And asked for public funds in aid of them,
And, by the gods he only clutched his fist,
And yawned! What think you now of such a man
For a Confederate States Commissioner!

Pennington.

If he did yawn in such an argument,
Then in the argument a gap, I think.
There must have been!

Finley.

Out on your ill-timed jests!
There's no particular of kernel in them!

Pennington.

Then I'll brevet my jests, and for your sake,
I'll make the kernel of them general;
And that one which I have promoted last

Is this; perfect your plans; recruit your men;
And when the thing is ripe for execution,
Select the place of most immediate peril,
And but the least in honor, if you will,
For Pennington, and he will second you,
And keep his powder dryer than his wit,
Which seems to dampen your warm fire of zeal!

Finley.

Your jests forgiven, you will forgive one caution:
Beware of that Latrobe! I know not why,
But still, I say, my friend, beware of him!
The world is not as new to me as you.
This fellow, were he what he seems to be,
Vulgarian merely, simple, unalloyed,
We might endure; but there is something more;
Have you not seen on entering a room,
How his quick glance drinks in its occupants?
A thief upon the street-car does the same,
To see if it contains an officer;
Nothing escapes his eye, or ear, or notice;
He questions with remorseless energy,
Yet answers vaguely all addressed to him;
He knows us all, yet none of us knows him;
He drinks with all, yet never to excess;
Though rude of speech he never blurts nor trips,
Which is the test of judgment after all.
He much affects your company, my friend;
Again I say, beware of him, nor let
Him tempt you into wine; pray pardon me—
The bar is ally of the billiard-table—
You know our Southern faults!

Pennington.

And guard them too!
The worst about Latrobe you have not said—
He makes but fifteen on a run at billiards!
I'll see he makes no unfair points on us!

[*Exit.*]

Finley. [Alone.]

And such is the material we build with!
No better than the mass of them—no worse;
Brave, generous, and stranger to all fraud,
But fuddled with exuberance of youth,
And given to wine, and every paltry game—
I never yet have known a head for billiards
Was worth the intercession of the saints! [*Exit.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Private parlor in same Hotel.* Present:
Latrobe, Pennington.

Latrobe.

Pennington, my boy, you've lost your spirits;
The very marrow of your bones is dry;
Are you my friend, that wont to rollick so,
With inf'nite jest, and a most exc'lent fancy,
As Booth says in the play—or are you not?

Pennington.

Not!

Latrobe.

And I pray your grace to tell me why?
I see you often with a petticoat,
And fear that Love, whom Shakspeare says is blind
In looking for your heart has found your gizzard.

Pennington.

To hit me in the gizzard were a foul
Of Love, who thus should make a fowl of me!
I'll never be made game of so!

Latrobe.

The devil!

I never knew a gallant of true metal
In love, but that he bore it beautiful!
If her you love is happy, you should be—
For love's a camel-lion, as they say,
And makes the lord the color of his mistress;
If she is sad, she pines for you, therefore
You should be merry; if she loves another,

Go make your rival jealous, whom being sad,
It follows you, the cause of it, are happy;
So that a man of parts, in love, should be
All happiness; as for my single self,
I'm never happy, save when I'm in love!

Pennington.

How was it when that actor cudged you
For following a ballet-dancer home?
You were not happy then?

Latrobe.

I was till he

Of baser sort broke my felicity.

Pennington.

I thought he only broke your head!

Latrobe.

Egad!

He was a breaker I'd not counted on
Upon the stream of love, which never yet
Ran smooth; the beast! to think to check its course
By such a useless patent wrong as that!

Pennington.

Nay, rather say a useful patent right,
With your head for his wooden model! O,
I've seen the time when I could laugh at you,
Ten hours a day for this scrap of your life—
But I am sick; my home comes back tonight,
And that word EXILE haunts my waning spirits!
Through wounds, and danger, thirst, and prison-
walls,

And all of grim War's fell vicissitudes,
I ne'er in spirit felt a weight before—
I think the women call it sad—or blue.

Latrobe.

I think they call it green, for you are jealous;
Or, if you have not reached that stage as yet,
'Tis simply rose-color.

Pennington.

What mean you, man?
I'm dull, and scarcely in a mood for jesting.

Latrobe.

It is a jest or not, as you incline;
Demme! to see as fast a brig as you
Had ought to be, run down with all on board,
And sunk, by such a taut and saucy smack,
Trim though she be, and finely timbered too!

Pennington.

I do not catch the drift-sail of your craft;
I say, again, I am not well tonight.

Latrobe.

Nor will be Pen, while Kate McDonald stays;
O, demme! do not redden in the visage!
She does not waste her pretty thoughts on thou!
Can you not see who has a good thing on't?
I thought you were a weasel!

Pennington.

Are *they* fond
Of blood?

Latrobe.

Well, now you *are* shouting—you are!
For Kate McDonald has as good a blood
As any in New York, or Canada—
Or, for that, any of your Southern bloods!

Pennington.

If this be so, how dare vulgarians
Like you, to sport and bandy with her name,
Which rides upon your plebeian lips like lilies
Upon a lagoon's green and stagnant slime!

Latrobe.

Who call you plebeian? I'd have you know
My father's father was a ba-rian!
Egad!

Pennington.

No doubt of it—bar-ba-rian!

His son's son well attests such high descent!

Latrobe.

I understand you sir! I ask you pardon!
You do not like that Finley cares for Kate;
For all of that I tell you Kate's a bird!
She's soft on Finley, too, as all can see.
That Finley has put up a job on you;
He has Kate on the stream, and they go down
If some one does not choke the wheels for them;
That Kate's a pretty woman I confess—
The loveliest in all New York!
But then she paints her cheeks—she daubs the cos-
mos—!

Pennington.

You spoke of Miss McDonald, sir?

Latrobe.

I did!

Pennington.

Did you not say she was a bird?

Latrobe.

I did!

Pennington.

And paints her cheeks—I think you said

Latrobe.

I did!

Pennington—[rising.]

Know then, damned poisonous tarantula,
With fangs more deadly than the asp's—because
You've dared to drip the poison of your tongue
Upon a pure and spotless girl—a stranger—
With no protecting brother to rebut
Presumption of acquaintance with yourself—
For *this*, with fang of honest indignation,
I mean to draw upon yourself for blood,
And *choke* the stream of your base utterance,
Until your vile offending tongue drops out,
And with that ulcerous member *paint* your cheeks

The crimson which no blush e'er varnished them!
[*Seizes Latrobe by the throat.*]
Latrobe.

Help! help! murder!
[*Cries without—'help! hold there!' Crowd
rushes in to the assistance of Latrobe.*
Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE II.—*Private Parlor in same Hotel.* Present:
Finley, Kate McDonald.

Finley.
[*Presents to Kate a sealed package.*]
Here then at last, dear Kate, we have the casket
Which holds the jewel, safety, for your father,
Except his foes prove traitors to our hopes,
And their most solemn duty to their oaths;
But one name on the list you furnished us
Have we permitted to escape our search,
And all attest your father's innocence.
Come now, cheer up! and let the sun of hope,
New-risen on this morn of most sweet light,
Turn all your gloom of sadness into joy.

Kate.
[*Takes the package.*]

O, sweet solvent of the hardest trial
A life not free from them has ever known,
I press you to my heart, and may its throb
Add to the impulse which shall bear you hence
On wings of steam, until you reach the gates
Which you shall melt to set my father free!
And you, my friend, how can I thank——

Finley. No thanks!

I did but make return, in kind, to one
Who when a stranger took me in, and fed,
And clothed, and sheltered me, disguised amid
My country's enemies, and therefore mine!

Kate.

O, friend, brother, and more! what shall I offer
In recompense of this great boon to you?
All that I have—all that I am! ah, me!
What do I say! Perhaps I am too bold—
Is there no offering that I can make?
You seem so strangely cold with all this goodness—

Finley.

[*Aside.* How wonderfully beautiful!]
I am your friend—remember me as such!

Kate.

And nothing more? * * I would not have you more
Of course. * * O! I could weep my soul away!

Finley.

Dear Kate, transcendent in your wondrous beauty,
Since we are friends, and never can be more,
I would we thought upon our missions only;
To save a father yours; my country mine;
Both to be true to God, and to ourselves!

Kate.

I'd scarcely to myself be true, if you
Were false to me—

Finley.

I have been true to friendship,
Nor must I let the power of your beauty,
Which shines with lustre far beyond the dreams
Which each divinest art, or finest fiction,
Has ever drawn to entertain my fancy,
Cast in eclipse the memory of her
Whose pictured image sits upon my breast,
Rocked on the cradle of life's vital spring,
Heart-shrined, and like an altarpiece, heart-
worshipped.

'Tis fitter, Kate, that I should see no more
Your most exquisite beauty. Fare—you—well!

Kate.

O, God!

You are not going? Then take back your boon!

[*She falls—Finley catches her.*]

Finley.

Sweet, precious flower of beauty, let me bear
Thee up! There, there now! softly! Kate! dear
Kate!

What do I say—revive, sweet Kate!

[*Enter Pennington and Latrobe.*]

Pennington—[aside to Latrobe.]

What do I see? What means this dalliance?

Latrobe.

O, nothing! you said I should not speak her name;
See for yourself; egad! he has a nice thing!
I think he is your confidant! your friend!

Pennington.

He was before he died! For a few days
Before his death, he was my enemy;
Such men are very short-lived in the South!
He kneels so ardently he does not see us!

[*To Finley.*]

Your pardon, sir! and hers, your mistress there!
We are untimely in our entrance here;
But I have urgent business with you, sir,
That will not brook delay; could not you name
Your friend at once? I bring mine, as you see.

Latrobe.

[*Aside.* Egad excuse me! The medicine works!]
The lady, sirs! You will not quarrel here,
You have dropt something, Miss McDonald,
might I

Escort you to your room—you're looking pale?

Kate.

I thank you sir; that package is of value;
I'll take it, if you please—

[*Exeunt Latrobe and Kate.*]

Finley.

Be calmer, Pennington; you are too rash—

Too hasty in your words, and unjust thoughts—
Which wrong yourself far more than Kate or me.
Of this I can most easily satisfy you.

Pennington.

The extent of my demand is satisfaction,
And that a gentleman will not refuse;
I'm glad you are so prompt to tender it.

Finley.

How can you ever right yourself when wrong,
If you disdain to listen? You are too rash.

Pennington.

Less rash, were not to be more rational,
In such a case as this; when I am wronged,
As I have been most foully by yourself,
I right myself by means all gentlemen
Approve.

Finley.

You are not wronged, save by yourself;
This breast may domicile much fault, and harbor
Full many a thought below the height of virtue,
But as to practising upon a friend,
Or making false return of confidence
Wherein he's trusted me, I hold myself
Too high above the crime for utterance!
Upon the heels of our new enterprise,
Full of great peril, and the germs of fame,
And rife with import to our Southern cause,
You fall in love with one who has rare beauty,
And tender me, unsought, your confidence;
I, failing to dissuade you from your suit,
Have promised to advance your cause whene'er
Our higher call of duty will permit;
Now think you I'm a man to falsify
My word?

Pennington.

By Heaven! I will not doubt my eyes,
And they have certified you such a man!

When we have interchanged our shots, perhaps
My sight may be less sensitive.

Finley.

Well, then,
Let us postpone our griefs while country calls,
Whose voice should drown the voice of private
wrongs.

When once our present enterprise is done,
I give my word as bail to satisfy you.

Pennington.

I have had bale enough of you already,
And it is hard for insult or gross wrong,
With patience, to fold its hands and wait.
But yet I will postpone this quarrel now,
To see our venture through, and then—

[*Re-enter Latrobe.*]

Latrobe.

[*Aside* I must cut them short.]

Excuse me, gentlemen; Miss Kate McDonald
Sent me to ask an interview with you—
With Pennington alone.

Finley.

I will retire.

Pennington.

Give her my compliments and tell her no!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Same place.* Present: *Kate McDonald, Latrobe.*

Latrobe.

Miss McDonald, I have a letter here for you, given me this moment at the office. It may be urgent, seeing it is from New York, and marked 'official.'

Kate.

O, urgent as life itself—I cannot open it—will you break the seal—there—thank you!

[*She reads with emotion.*]

“HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST.
Miss Kate McDonald, Canada East:

MADAM—This will be mailed to you by the American Consul. The order for a suspension of the execution of Roland McDonald until depositions could be taken in Canada, and forwarded, was made out of abundant mercy by the General Commanding. Since then, the Judge Advocate upon his staff, has decided they could not be read, even if received in time, because the law requires all testimony to be reduced to writing in presence of the Commission. Therefore there is no hope from that quarter. But the General Commanding is informed that there sometime resorted in Canada a most notorious rebel and traitor—one Carter Bland, *alias* Captain Bland. It is said he is a friend of yours, and has a strong attachment to you, so much so that if in Canada, he has proba-

bly made himself known to you. The proposition is this: if you will induce your acquaintance, Bland, to visit the United States, or will in any way contribute to his extradition to, or arrest in the United States, the General Commanding will relieve your father from the sentence of the Commission, and restore him to his family. It is understood, if you accept this offer, that the life of Bland, if you contribute to his arrest, is to be spared. Your father has been informed of this proposition, and counsels your acceptance. His execution is fixed for two days hence, and therefore to avail yourself of this offer, you must answer favorably by return of mail, when a respite will be granted, and ample time given you to secure the arrest of Bland.

VAN DYKE.

Captain and Adjutant General."

O! horror upon horrors, more than gloom
Of clouds, thrice-veiling all the eye of heaven!
Where can I turn that darkness does not smite
Upon my breast, my head, my soul, my hopes!
Break now, my heart! no longer drive your blood
In swift aortal currents to the brain,
That has to counterpoise a father's life
In equal balance with a lover's fate!
Am I so fallen, that the tyrant thinks
I would turn traitor to my sex, and trade
In love for liberty, or life itself?
And my poor father—can it be that he
Has fallen from that pinnacle, where throned,
Through sickness, or in poverty, he sat,
And taught his children to abhor a lie!
No! foul slanderer, no! I thus resent
Your slander, and despise your bribe!

[Stamps on the letter.]

Latrobe.

The letter
Seems to have quite unsettled you—perhaps
It brings bad tidings from your father?

Kate.

You here!
I thought you had gone out. You did not hear—
No matter—my father is dead! and I
Am dead! and all are dead to me I love!
Excuse me, sir! You have been kind to me!

Latrobe.

[*Aside* Egad! now I must play my bower!]
Now that your friends you did affect the most
Are gone—

Kate.

Whom mean you?

Latrobe.

Finley, Pennington.

Kate.

Are gone? Did you say gone?

Latrobe.

I might have said,
For they leave in the morning ere the dawn—
They are to call them at the dawn to leave—
And I was going to make bold to say,
As any seeing you distressed, might say,
If you will trust me to peruse the letter,
I may suggest some means of serving you.
I am no court-a-year, as one would say,
But have a heart, you know.

Kate.

Yes, read the letter;
Nothing can injure or assist me now;
Read you, or do not read; it matters not.

[*He reads.*]

O, is there nothing that can stay the tide
Of this dark dream that hurries on my soul

In sable currents, which I cannot stem?
If he is gone, what do I here behind?
One gone! one dead! there is no difference!
O, I did love you, father, with a love
That made the earth religious where you trod,
And sweetened daily contact with the world,
Until the strife like lover's quarrels, seemed
All pleasure, rounded by your kiss at night.
You were the sum of parentage for me,
My father, and my mother, all in one;
We were but two frail branches on your stem;
Deprived of you, we wither ere we bloom;
Deprived of us, your offshoots—and you like
The evergreen that pruning bleeds to death—
Will wane, and perish at the root, and fall!
Spurred on by this, I'll to the Commandant,
And stab him to the heart, and let them say,
A second Marat found a new Corday!

Latrobe.

Forgive my weakness; I don't often salt
The briny in this way; your case is sad:
But—let me see; there's Pennington that knew
This Bland, for he has often told me so;
But he is gone; and Finley too is off—
He goes the morn; his wedding, when he bid
Me his adieu, he said was fixed a week,
Shall be tomorrow, and that made his leaving
The more imperative—

Kate.

His wedding! whose?
Now I have stood enough! Are you hell's raven,
That croaks me on to death and self-destruction?
Whose wedding? Whose? I will not hear you say
Those words again, except to disconnect,
And utterly divorce them from *his* name!
Of whom were you about to speak?

Latrobe.

Excuse me;

I think you did not hear me right—I said
That Finley's marriage was tomorrow week,
Except some accident forestalled—

Kate.

It shall!

It shall! by every oath that God will let
Me swear, there shall an accident prevent!
Go now, and leave me to myself—or stay—
This letter, as you see, I have to answer;
Think you it possible for me—a woman—
To find a man that she could trust?

Latrobe.

I do!

I offered, thinking you had such a need.

Kate.

I have; this letter here speaks of one Bland;
Now you have gathered some experience—
What think you they would do with Bland, if I
Persuaded by a daughter's love, should yield?

Latrobe.

This letter pledges them to spare his life—

Kate.

Does it do so? I had not noted that.
Let me see that again; 'the life of Bland
Is to be spared:' 'tis promised, as you said;
Now I do need that man I told you of;
And yet, however faithful, he must swear
An oath to me; would you kneel down and swear?
Do not, unless you mean to keep your oath,
For if you break, the earth contains no spot
To shield you from your conscience or my hate.
They seem to think I know where Bland conceals;
Suppose I did, and should communicate
To you the secret of his hiding-place,
Conditioned that the knowledge should be used

As I restrained, and never any harm
Be done to Bland by you, save as I willed—
Would you assist me thus to save my father,
With such the least small peril to this Bland?

Latrobe.

I would; I would assist you anything,
With no reward, except to see your beauty.

Kate.

We will rest here, I think, your answer does
Not indicate the man I'm seeking for.

Latrobe.

If not, my answer done my purpose wrong;
I too am friendly to the South, and this
Would lead me not to injure Bland except
You ordered it.

Kate.

I have no Bible here—
This silver cross was given me by Bland,
And I have worn it on my bosom since;
I will swear you on that; kneel down and swear!

Latrobe.

[*Aside* Egad! I'd swear my father was an
ape!]
I swear!

Kate.

What?

Latrobe.

That I'll preserve your secret,
And never use it to Bland's injury,
Except you, through necessity, command;
I will obey your wishes as to him,
Without remuneration save your thanks!

Kate.

Enough! your kissing more than once may make
Me think you lay more stress on gallantry
Than on the deep solemnity of oaths;

My secret then is told: 'tis Finley! He
Is Bland!

Latrobe.

[*Aside* Aha! By Jove, I knew it!]
What! he that was just present here with us,
And leaves so soon to marry, as he said?

Kate.

No! he that was just here, and MUST NOT marry!
You know his movements; he is in disguise;
He goes into the States; we must arrest,
And have him taken to New York, and then
Your part is done; leave all the rest to me!

Latrobe.

Now let me see; firstly, are you quite sure
That this is Bland—this Finley?

Kate.

I am sure—

Address yourself to secondly.

Latrobe.

Then second:

Who can we find to shadow him, arrest,
Or give us information of his motions?
I know them not— but there is one that does—

Kate.

Pennington.

Latrobe.

You have centered on my mark!
The wax to give us mould of Bland's intent
Is Pennington! Like all of us, he loves—
By your sweet turn of charming, you must
Receive the imprint. He will give it up.

Kate.

Go send him here. I will prepare myself.

[*Exit Latrobe.*]

And has it come to this? An hour ago—
One short, short hour, and there was Kate Mc-
Donald,

That stood symbolical of virtue's self!
But her they gave sepulture with her father!
As in the Spring they bury bulbs, eye downward,
So have they me—my 'I' that was is down—
Is sunk obscured, and force must resurrect
Another Kate McDonald from the dead,
With breast annealed, more hard than Clytem-
nestre.

And yet, who is there that shall call it crime
To save a father, innocent, from death?
But how? Ah, there's the needle, conscience-
sharp! * *

She shall not wed my brave, my beautiful—
The Southern harridan! In phantasy
I see her, as I've heard her race described;
Black slaves to dress her golden-curling hair—
Her hands, unused to toil, soft as a child's—
With all the regal air of some sultanna,
Reclining on soft cushions in the day,
And rising when the sun, barred out too long
From her boudoir, stands sentinel at noon!
She shall not marry him! His life being spared,
As they have in this contract promised me,
I will persuade him that my intercession
Saved it, and made it due as debt to me.
In this my game, *I'll make a pawn of time,*
And date my answer to the Commandant
Beyond his capture, if we shall succeed;
I will protest that having learned his capture,
I did but venture on this strategy
To save him. Prisoned, I will visit him,
And read him favorite books, and comfort him—
I'll win upon him more and more each day—
My father free—my darling all my own—
Come Pennington! I will perform my part,
And tune your boyish thoughts to my own will,

That every note your tongue shall sing may give
Fit music to my purpose to deceive!

SCENE II.—*Private Parlor in the same Hotel.* Pres-
ent: *Kate McDonald, Pennington.*

Pennington.

Latrobe delivered me a message from you,
That you did wish a word with me.

Kate McDonald.

I so
Instructed him, though not to urge your coming,
Should you still have the pique you had this eve,
Which you on slight suspicion did conceive.

Pennington.

Conception has by Nature been ordained,
And wisely, as a thing outside our will;
You did deny that you affected Finley—
And yet, I found you in his arms!

Kate.

For shame!

You foolish boy! I had bad tidings, sent
By letter, of my father in New York.
I opened, read, and fainted—that was all!

Pennington.

He kissed you then, to bring back consciousness?
Would I were bearer of bad news to you,
If kissing be the curative you use!

Kate.

I think you have mistook my message, sir!
I did not send for you to be insulted!
I have no friends—

[*She weeps.*]

My father bound in chains—

No brother to resent your imputations,
Or they were not so lightly cast on me.
I thought you boasted of your chivalry!

Pennington.

Thus far I do that it will not endure
That man betray his trust to friendship due,
Or woman hers to virtue.

Kate.

And the proof
You give is this—to misconstrue, insult,
And hector women, whom you should protect—
Who trusting, lean upon you for support,
And count upon your friendship when in need?
Do I not care ten thousand times as much
For you, as for—but go! I am a fool
To waste my thoughts upon such cavaliers!
Think you, with this sad missive— [*Shows a letter.*]
I had time,

Or will for dalliance? If Finley took
Advantage of my fainting to inflict
A kiss, it was because his chivalry
Was only such as yours, as now displayed.
I loathe, detest you Southrons all, and rue
The day I or my father trusted you!
Since then, your genius has beset our house,
And prisons, chains, affections misapplied,
Trials beyond endurance sore, if not
Disgrace, and disrepute among our friends,
And banishment from those we love—O God!
Would that we never had beheld your faces!
[*She weeps.*]

Pennington.

Then have we wronged you so? Did I believe it,
I would atone to you! Nay, do not weep!

Kate.

You have misused me, when you knew my griefs
Were greater than my breaking heart could bear!

Pennington.

Forbear to weep, and I will cancel all
That I have thought or spoke ungraciously.

Kate.

No! I have done! Go and return no more!
Hereafter think of me as one you wronged
By your most foolish, groundless jealousy,
And one, had you but borne her different use,
That could have made return, perchance, of what
You counterfeited—love—in truer coin.

Pennington.

Dear Kate! dear lady!
Name any forfeit which offenceless virtue
May claim from rude, suspicious wrong,
And I will acquiesce—save banishment!
Though your sweet favor were a burning-glass,
That but consumed me in its focused rays,
Yet would I kneel and perish in your gaze!

Kate.

Nay, gently! my hand would fain decline your
kisses

Nor are these times for empty proofs of love.
Read *that*, and then make proffer of your service,
And we shall see what tax your love will bear!

[*He takes the Commandant's letter and reads.*]

Pennington.

Aha! I gather in their treachery—
They know that Bland is fled, and you can not
Redeem your father at the price they ask!

Kate.

They may believe him still in Canada;
There are that say the monks conceal him here;
He was, I've heard, a very handsome man;
And I have heard you much resemble him;
The test to which I might subject your love,
Did I believe it holy-pure, were this;
Suppose that you personate Bland for me,
And cheat the tyrants of my father's life?

Pennington.

They would detect the counterfeit.

Kate.

Ah, well!

You will not dare the test?

Pennington.

I dare, but cannot.

Kate.

Enough! Farewell! I knew you did not love me!

Pennington.

Nay, do not go! Could you but know—

Kate.

Away!

Aside, and let me pass! I know enough!

O! would that I had lived in earlier times,

When Great Thoughts made men brave and true
and free!

When noble aims inspired heroic breasts;

When glory fed the flame of loyalty:

When true ambition fired the soul of youth;

When public virtue, and not wealth, gave rank;

When beauty guerdoned high-bred courtesy;

When woman was the prize of manly courage,

And knighthood asked her leave to die! For now

To pin a shawl about her throat with grace,

Or kiss a lady's hand, is such a feat

As well becomes the age's chivalry—

But, O! to dare a noble *deed* for love,

Hath long been out of date and fashion!

Pennington.

Nay,

If you but knew the bonds that do constrain me—

Kate.

I know them—they are links in caution's chain,

Which long hath rusted on your limbs, while others

In battle brightened theirs; when I seek next

A lover, he shall be a bearded man!

Pennington.

No man should live, who bearded me, to boast it!

The limbs you scoff have roses well-impressed,
Which once were crimson with the sap of war:
And if you will but change the test you make,
And bid me die, or in a boat descend
Niagara, or climb to where immersed
In unrelenting snow, high Trinity, *
With his three spires, encroaches on the sky,
My honor once relieved, good faith dissolved,
Of a most pressing and exacting charge—
I will obey.

Kate.

What is the charge? Were not
Your protestations of devotion false,
You would make *me* the keeper of your honor,
And let me judge between you and appointments.
What is your honor's charge that intervenes?

Pennington.

A charge of honor, it can be discharged
Only by secrecy! I dare not tell you.

Kate.

Away! Think you I am a wooden block
For you to break but witty speech upon?
No! I am done! You were my last resource!
Latrobe and Finley—all the rest but you,
I hung no hopes upon. I thought there was
A man among them all named—Pennington!
You were my last, save *this—this* is my last!

[*Displays a poignard.*]

And with its fatal edge, drawn by your cruelty,
I hasten to anticipate my father!
And when this war is closed, and you returned
Unto the boasted land of chivalry,
Are safely in your mother's arms—her pet—
Tell her you knew a Northern, orphan girl,

*Trinity Rock, Saguenay.

Who loved you, and you might have saved her life,
But that the enterprise was dangerous,
And only compassed by contempt of fear—
And thereupon you let her die! Unhand me!

Pennington.

My Kate! my love, my life! I will consent!
God judge between me, and your life!

Kate.

No, no!

Let me, my brave, good boy, be judge myself;
Show me the warrant which your honor serves
Upon you, and if thus confided in,
I do decide that you are bound therein,
I will withdraw my test, and singly stem,
Supported by your confidence, and love,
The current of my own career—alone.

Pennington,

I will conceal nothing; here is my warrant.

[*Exhibits a writing with plat.*]

Kate.

The test of love is mutual confidence;
Since you do trust, I trust that you do love.

[*She reads.*]

Is this a living purpose written here,
Or merely figments of heroic plans
To feed some madman's fancy!
Are you, fond boy, and Finley bent on this,
Which seems a venture so chimerical?

Pennington.

Aye, we are bent beyond resilience;
Not only bent, but broken, if we fail;
Finley repaired last night to Sarnia, where
He is to meet our female Ariel—
Our spy, and messenger—who, unsuspect,
Repairs from Middle-Bass to Canada,
Or whither our secret aims may need her mission,
Bearing the orders of our captain—Finley.

Kate.

And is she beautiful—this Ariel—
And young, or old and withered? Whence came
she?

Does Finley much affect his messenger?

Pennington.

You seem to feel an interest in him,
And his effects. I was enlarging on
A matter more immediate to our purpose—

Kate.

What! jealous still? You need not be—you boy!
I only wondered that a woman bred
As softly as your Southern matrons are,
And with the native mildness of her sex,
Could learn the lessons Nature teaches men—
Therefore I did inquire of this lady.

Pennington.

She is a woman—beautiful and good—
And this is all I know.

Kate.

Enough—too much!
This writing clears the rest; you are to meet
At Middle-Bass, and rendezvous; the hours
Are given of the 'Island Fay,' that plies
From Sandusky around the isles—what for?

Pennington.

We are to board and seize her—that is all;
Each man of us has given him his part—
To seize or shoot the pilot mine.

Kate.

O! God! * *

But that you've made me umpire of your duty,
At this the outset of your rash design,
I would persuade you to forego its madness.

Pennington.

But since my comrades are embarked—can I
Forego, when they already are foregone?

Kate.

No! No! your honor bids you forward now!
I, who had challenged you to save my father,
Through risk most manifest to you of peril,
Will not lay my embargo on the path
That honor, which is more than life, points out.
No! I will on to New York by myself,
And now, good night! time calls me hence to act;
You've given proof of love—of love, I may.

Pennington.

The May of that sweet promise makes my life
A garden full of roses in its Spring!
God bless and keep you, Lady! but one kiss?
I would return and borrow it again,
And then restore with double use, until
The principal was quadrupled—
Good night! [Exit Pennington.]
[Kate sits musing.]

[Re-enter Latrobe.]

Well, you have interviewed this boy—what now?

Kate.

All now my purposes demand is known;
At Middle-Bass, an Erie-bosomed isle—
You know it—Bland, disguised as I have told you,
Would intercept the 'Island Fay,' a boat
Which plies from Sandusky to Detroit and back!
His object is not plain, save naval war;
It matters not; you must arrest and take
Him to New York, and save Roland McDonald!
And that being done, my father's daughter will
Endeavor to requite you as she may.

Latrobe.

This looks like business; what is the day?
You made quite sure of that?

Kate.

'Tis Saturday—

At Middle-Bass—upon the eastern side—
The accustomed landing of the 'Island Fay,'
As she goes south from Sandusky.

Latrobe.

I have it. [Writes in his memorandum-book.]

Kate.

And now farewell! I must to New York early,
And there await the issue of your plans.
Remember, Bland is to be captured harmless,
And so delivered in New York.

Good night!

[Exit Kate.]

Latrobe—[alone.]

That woman is the prettiest thing in nature!
She is a morning-star! 'Twas such a one came so
near salting down old Davy, the Jew, for good and
all! If she was to play for my soul, she would win,
unless the devil should play against her; then it
would be who should and who should not, between
the Old Boy and the Young Maid!

But enough of her—business is business! Let
me see:

[Takes out his memoranda, and reads.]

'For that notorious guerrilla chief, Carter Bland,
alias Captain Bland, FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.'

That will do—write after that—'bagged.'

'For any rebel or traitor, harboring in Canada,
who has conspired to make raids into the United
States, or aided and encouraged the same, ONE
THOUSAND DOLLARS.'

That will do, for the balance of them; in particu-
lar, for my young rooster, Pennington, with his
cock-a-doodle-doo, high-cockalorum quirks and
quiddities. Damn the fellow, how I played it off
on him! One thousand dollars apiece—about what
they would sell a likely nigger for. Think of me

selling *them* at market price! Egad! going! going! gone! for one thousand dollars! Who'll take the next at the same figure? They are worth more to hang than anything else! Ha! ha!

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Headquarters Department of the East, New York City. Present: The Commandant; Captain Van Dyke, his adjutant-general; Dennis Mahon, Esq.; Pompey; Doctor Froisart; Guardsmen, etc.*

Commandant.

Pompey! bring in the prisoner! Doctor Froisart, you are arrested, by virtue of martial law which has been declared in this city, for not paying the bill of this small dealer, Mr. Thomas Brown; and lawyer Mahon here, represents said shopkeeper Brown; now, have either of you any witness?

Mahon.

My client has but one, and he is a man in the Tombs, one Roland McDonald, who was present when this Frenchman acknowledged he owed us a bill, but said he could not tell how much it amounted to.

Commandant.

And you desire?

Mahon.

We wish McDonald sent for.

Commandant.

Where is my orderly? Pompey!

Pompey.

Here me, Boss! Here me!

Commandant.

[*Writes on a slip of paper.*] Here, take this to the

Tombs, and bring me straightway one Roland McDonald, a prisoner, under strict guard.

Pompey.

All right, Gin'l! But s'posin' he won't come—what I gwine to do den? Humph!

Commandant.

Shoot him down on the spot!

Pompey.

All right, Gin'l! awduhs is awduhs to dis chile! All honah to de Gin'l, as it was now, is in de beginnin,' and shall be heretofor'! amen! [*Exit.*]

Commandant.

Now, 'squire Legal-cap, open your case. But first of all, let this Frenchman take the iron-clad oath, and swear also to answer such questions as shall be propounded to him. Swear him there, Adjutant! [*Captain Van Dyke swears Froisart on the Army Regulations.*] Now proceed, Adjutant, to read the charges and specifications of the bill of the plaintiff, *verbatim, elliteratim, et punctuatim*, nothing extenuating, and setting down naught in malice!

Capt. Van Dyke.

[*Reads.*]

Dr. Frogsheart to Thomas Brown,	Dr.
'For daughter Julery	\$5.00.'

Dr. Froisart.

I sall say I haf not got one daughter Julery! She sall not be name dat! By gar, 'tis sweendle for me to haf a daughter, Julery! Swear me across one Bible—two Bible—and I swear my daughter sall not be name dat! 'Tis a meestake! 'tis sweendle! By gar, I sall not haf a daughter name dat!

Commandant.

What you say is reasonable; and what answer you for your client, squire Two-and-two-make-five?

Mahon.

I beg leave, General, to suggest that my client is no scholar, and what he meant to write was simply this:

'For daughter, jewelry \$5.00

Commandant.

What your client meant to write is not the question; he has in fact, charged this man for a daughter, Julery, whom he does not own, and therefore I decide to reject that item. Proceed, Adjutant, with the next.

Capt. Van Dyke.

[*Reads.*]

'To fingerring for daughter 50 cts.

Commandant.

Well, old Bourbon, how say you?

Dr. Froisart.

Mon Dieu! 'tis a lie! he sall not finger for my daughter! I sall not for dat pay him! Yes—I vill pay him exstraw for dat vid my sword! I vill stab him and keel him!

Commandant.

Lawyer Briefless, what have you to plead?

Mahon.

Only this, General, that there is a slight mistake in the collocation of letters. The item is correctly thus: 'To finger ring, for daughter, 50 cts.,' a correct and just charge.

Commandant.

Quite reasonable, Squire, if it were written as you suggest; but it is written *sic*, and we cannot change the record. I confess that your client is not extravagant in this charge, but considering that virtue is its own reward, I forbid this Frenchman to kill him, and call them even. Proceed, Adjutant, with the next item.

Capt. Van Dyke.

[*Reads.*]

'To one pound of salt per-simmon 10 cts.'

Dr. Froisart.

How is dat persimmon? I am positeef I never eat one persimmon in my whole life! Am I dam-full to buy one persimmon for ten cent? I vill not pay! By gar, he sall keep his salt persimmon, and I vill not pay!

Commandant.

I must say that a salt persimmon is to me a new species; what have you to say in defence of such a charge, my legal Fiction?

Mahon.

If it were not useless, I might suggest that this poor tradesman, in his simplicity, has intended to charge '1 pound of salt, per Simon'—the latter individual being, as I am informed, the son of the defendant, who actually got the salt.

Commandant.

Very good, indeed! ha! ha! I wish it were so written for your sake. Proceed, Captain.

Capt. Van Dyke—

'To odor per self of whiskey 50 cts.'

Commandant.

My venerable medical Gaul, how say you—guilty or not guilty?

Dr. Froisart.

Vat is dat now, General—odor of viskee? Do he charge me to smell viskee? Do I pay him feefty cent to make me smell viskee? Vat is dat dam nonsense? I sall have coast for dat smell viskee! Monsieur General, excuse me, but sall not he give me coast, ven I do not smell, and he charge me?

Commandant.

Not so fast, my Gothic Bolus, for you *do* smell of whiskey, most viciously, and I incline to for-

bid you to dispute this item by a legal estoppel of my nose—what say you, old Double-pleader?
Mahon.

If the item is allowed, I need add nothing, although, otherwise, I was about to remark, that in his ignorance, my client has written *odor*, for *order*!

Capt. Van Dyke.

The next charge is [*Reads.*]

‘Some odor per—son 50 cts.’

Commandant.

Norman relic of antiquity, what of this charge?

Dr. Froisart.

Some oder person! Have I to pay for oder person? How can I lif, if he charge me oder person? How is dat dam sweendle for oder person to charge on me! No sare! I sall not pay him dat!

Commandant.

Not reasonable, we will admit! How say you, old *Damnum-absque*?

Mahon.

I am instructed to state, (all useless though it be,) that the charge is intended to be—‘same order, per son,’—and to say that this man’s son sent such an order also, as is here correctly charged.

Commandant

My antique *Médecin*, you are in bad odor, certain, but not poison, or I should have been dead long ago! Counsellor *Pie-poudre*, what further say you?

Mahon.

All that I can say is in vain, otherwise, I could in an instant show your highness that my most unfortunate client’s charges against the defendant

are just, which charges, though just, have been cruelly distorted by bad spelling.

Commandant.

It matters not; we are not in your client's shoes; if he writes ass, we must read ass, and call him ass—[*Re-enter Pompey*] How now, swarthy Roman? Where is the witness we sent you for?

Pompey.

He aint no mo', sah! He done cease! He gone to dat burnin', whence no dribbler can't squench him!

Commandant.

Is Roland McDonald dead? Is that what you mean? What was the matter with him?

Pompey.

Nuffin at all, sah! he jist wound heself out at de small end, and naturally ceased—kind o' expired like!

Commandant.

Poor devil—I'm glad he's gone—he would have given us trouble. And now Pompey clear these headquarters—I have other fish to fry. That Frenchman owes \$1.00 of this bill, which he will pay over to you as costs for arresting him!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.—*Same place, one hour later. Present:*

Commandant, Sandford, Van Dyke, Guard Master.

Commandant.

Sandford! Be sure you justify my order to the public eye! Say that it has been countermanded, but the *people* do endorse it! That publicists, with their old musty rules, are far behind the civilization of the age. Let the city echo my defence as against the countermand. I wish you to influence the public mind against these arch-traitors, and their Copper-head sympathizers. Strike on the

anvil of the public heart, until you heat it. Keep Saint Albans fresh in public memory!

Sandford.

I have prepared an article I think will please you. It is in reply to the Copperhead press, in their attempts to make a hero of this rebel guerrilla, just captured—this notorious Captain Bland.

Commandant.

Let him be hanged, with a thousand pounds to his heels! I would rather lose this right arm than he should escape. His execution will test the question between the Administration and me.

Sandford.

I have said as much in this article. The press will take its tone generally, I think, from my leader.

Commandant.

Let him be hanged, I say! Let him be hanged, the ruffian.

Capt. Van Dyke.

And yet it is said, he is a Christian gentleman.

Commandant.

A Christian fiddle-stick! a plague on such Christianity! I have no patience with your rebel Christians! I tell you, Sandford, I had rather lose my commission than omit this chance to make an issue in the hanging of this rebel pirate, Bland! Is it not time for the Commission to report? Adjutant, what have you o'clock?

Capt. Van Dyke.

It is just ten—the hour for the Commission to report progress.

Commandant.

Dispatch an orderly to inquire whether they are ready to report?

Capt. Van Dyke.

They have saved us the necessity. I see the guard approaching with the prisoner—the commission

can not be far in rear. [*Enter Bland, chained and guarded; guardsmen salute the Commandant.*]

Commandant.

Why do the Court delay—are they not coming?

1st Guardsman.

They are here now—I left them behind yonder, at the door. [*Enter the Judge Advocate and the Commission, who take their seats, General Crawford presiding.*]

Commandant.

Has your honorable Commission arrived at any conclusion as to the guilt of the prisoner?

General Crawford.

The Judge Advocate has our finding, which awaits your approval. I differed from the majority, but yield to their decision.

Commandant.

The majority in free governments should govern. We will dispense with the reading of your finding; let the substance be announced, and if it be to hang this rebel for his wicked raid, I will approve, otherwise he should be tried over.

Judge Advocate.

The Commission find the prisoner guilty of all the charges and specifications, and sentence him to be hanged by the neck until dead, at such time and place as the General Commanding the Department may direct, a majority of the members concurring.

Commandant.

The finding is correct—I do approve it. Write ‘approved’ there, Captain, and hereafter I will sign, and fix an early day for the hanging. [*Enter Orderly Pompey.*]

1st Guardsman. [*Aside to his companions.*]

Now by the saintly soul of St. Patrick, look at the damned nagur lad there! how fine he is!

2d Guardsman.

I wish I was here alone wid him all sociable by mesilf—divil a fine feather I'd lave upon the top of him, at all, at all.

1st Guardsman.

Wud ye pull the wool over his eyes?

2d Guardsman.

Yis—and that I wud! Could I find a footing for me hand about the twist of his hair, divil a drop of wool wud he have more of it left!

3d Guardsman.

Dom the nagurs—I niver loiked them!

2d Guardsman.

Mind now the strutting of him! Had I the chance, I'd make the substance of his shadow so small, the appearance of it wud be invisible to the eye of is own mither—and be damned till her.

Pompey.

Ginul, dars a female lady at de do' to see you and dese gentlemen.

Commandant.

We cannot be interrupted now—is she white or colored?

Pompey.

She's plain, sah—plain; and she wants to see you and dese missionaries.

Commandant.

She is a beggar! tell her to be gone.

Pompey.

I did ax her dat; but she norate so fast, it 'pear like I can't qualify her.

General Crawford.

Possibly it is the mother, or some relative of the prisoner?

Commandant.

What does she say? Can you not explain yourself, you stupid ass?

Pompey.

She rectifyther^{er} words so far apart, I can't tell what she prophecy! She is too fractional for dischile! Good Gorramity! Here she comes now! She done busted thew de guard!

[*Enter Kate McDonald, followed by the guard.*]

Kate McDonald.

Then thrust me through with your bayonet! I will not be stopped—I have been put upon in this way too often! I have lost by it my father—who was all the world to me! As nature is my judge, I will see these men—if men they be, before they commit more murder! I will call down the imprecations of all good men on them!

General Crawford.

Poor woman! she is insane.

1st Commissioner.

How strangely beautiful she is.

Kate McDonald.

Sir Commandant, and Judges of this Court!

I hope you will excuse a woman's mode

Of bringing proofs abruptly thus before you;

I have but lately lost a father—dead

In prison—*murdered*—if you will permit—

For though you found him guilty, he was guiltless

And will appear so at the bar of heaven—

Most innocent of every imputation

Against him charged before your high tribunal!

I could have testified to this myself,

But as today, so then, I was barred out,

And thrust aside, and hither sent and thither,

And put off with your urgency to affairs,

Until for want of evidence, sheerly,

My father was condemned and died in prison.

Therefore it is that I come hither now,

And break through forms and precedents of law,

To speak in unjudicial phrase, the truth,

And vouch my utterance by unwritten proofs.

I have a friend arraigned before you now—

Commandant.

You are a crazy woman, are you not?

Kate McDonald.

No, not insane, though I have had enough
To dry the fount of tears, and thus turn on
The brain an unextinguished flame of grief,
Sufficient to have warped the level mind.
I am well known unto your staff here present,
The daughter of poor, dead Roland McDonald.
—If this be to the purpose of this trial,

[Exhibits a letter.]

Let it with your Commander's signature,
Be counted rational, though I that vouch it,
Should be supposed bereft of will or reason!

General Crawford.

Let the Judge Advocate report the contents.

Judge Advocate.

This is a note signed by the Commandant,
Relating to the capture of this Bland,
Which seems to bear a pledge conditional.

Commandant.

My Generals! I thought that your commission
Had tried this man, and had defined his sentence
Which now lies here proposed for my approval!
If there be aught to urge for him anew,
Should it not be addressed to me?

General Crawford.

Let our

Judge Advocate consider that.

Judge Advocate.

The point

Is clear: the case has gone beyond our judgment;
All further pleas are pleas for clemency,
And only to the approving officer,
Or to the President, should be addressed.

General Crawford.

Might not the Court hear further evidence,
Before the Gen'ral has approved our finding?

Commandant [Signing his name.]

I do approve—so there's an end of *that*;
But since this woman makes a new defence,
And shows a letter with my name attached,
I do invite the Court to stay and hear
This late appeal made now for clemency,
That when it is rejected, as I shall,
They may report me squarely to the world:
And now woman, what is your prayer based on?
This letter you produce, ascribed to me?

Kate McDonald.

My plea is that you do contract herein,
Over the sanction of your signature,
Should I betray to you—O! Heaven—I
Would spare myself before the prisoner—
Let but the Judges read, or hear it read.

Commandant.

Suppose this letter to be genuine,
Which it is not material to deny,
You are, through mercy, as 'tis argued here,
Invited to redeem your father's life
By giving such advices of this man,
Your friend, as should conduce to his arrest;
You were to write by the return of mail,
And note your acceptance of the terms;
Now do you claim that you so wrote to us,
Or that you led to his arrest?

Kate McDonald.

I do!

Commandant.

Why then we thank you, and I will release
Your father, in fulfilment of this letter,
It matters not by whom it was written.

Kate McDonald.

Will you
Release my father then? Not you but Nature,
Who to reverse your sentence hath released him!
Roland McDonald will plead no more to Court,
Or general, or president, or prince,
Or potentate of earth; you did your worst.
'Twas you imprisoned; Nature entered bail.

Commandant.

'Twas Heaven's will, therefore, and I am quit;
What more do you desire or could demand?

Kate McDonald.

Not having, then, the price you offered me,
You should restore me where I was before
You made your offer, and release my friend—
You should forthwith set him at liberty.

[*Points to Bland.*]

Commandant.

And is this all the plea you have to offer?

Kate McDonald.

Nay, hear me further; is it not written here—
In all events his life should be secure?
Is not this pledged and doubly pledged by you!
O! then I do beseech you keep your word!

Commandant.

Where is the proof that you conduced to this?
Where is the proof you wrote as here required?
Or did accept the terms proposed by letter,
Within the time prescribed?

Kate McDonald.

Judges! I am

A woman, unaccustomed to debate
Or set in order what I have to say;
If I omitted it, I should have said,
What now, before high heaven above, I swear;
I wrote in answer, by return of mail,
And sealed the terms accorded by his own,

And then—since I must speak to save his life,
I did obtain from a young boy, his friend,
One Pennington, their contemplated scheme
Of naval warfare on the Northern lakes;
I did lay bare their whole conspiracy
To one who, for my sake, and sympathy,
Encharged himself to give due information
To your authorities, through which they have
Secured the capture of himself and men;
All this I swear, and can substantiate,
By oath of him to whom I gave the proofs,
Had I but time to find and summon him;
His name Latrobe—his residence, New York;
I feel assured that he will seek me out,
And therefore ask but time to summon him.

Commandant.

Judges and officers! that this frail woman
Was overtured in interest of our service
To make betrayal of her paramour—

Kate McDonald.

My paramour! A lie! pardon! pardon!
But if I had no other word this side
Of wide eternity, it is most false!

Commandant.

No matter—you do understand—of course
She would deny—at all events, her *friend*,
The prisoner, whom you have just condemned,
Were now the safety of her father questioned,
I would suspend, and hold myself not bound,
But justified to take the proofs she asks;
But he has died; the issue as to him
Needs no more ventilation; as to Bland,
She has no interest in him; and in
Most ample refutation of her claim,
A faithful officer employed by us
In secret service of the Government,
Has made a full report of how this capture

Was brought about; suffice it that he makes
No mention of this woman, but relates
How he himself, by vigilance, achieved
The knowledge that this rebel, in disguise,
Was plotting wicked raids from Canada,
And so he followed him, and thwarting all
His plans at Middle-Bass, as you have heard,
Made prize and capture of himself and band.
That officer has just received the high
Reward we offered for the government,
In all, receiving twice ten thousand dollars;
His pregnant silence as to any aid
From her disproves this woman's evidence,
And therefore I decide upon the case.
Your sentence is approved!

General Crawford.

Might it not be

As well to send for this detective, that
He may confront this woman and refute her?

Kate McDonald.

O! there's a judge of probity in truth!
I thank you sir! O! let them send for him,
And give me but one day to seek and find
The friend I need to prove the case I state!

Commandant.

I do not see necessity to send,
But yet as he is near, I will consent,
Where is my orderly? Pompey!

Pompey.

Here me!

[*Enter Latrobe.*]

Commandant.

Ah! Welcome sir! you're in demand;
Know you this woman?

Latrobe.

Not I! I never saw her!

Kate McDonald.

Why do you jest thus in a case so grave?

Latrobe.

I have had wide experience of men,
And can detect by signs you would o'erlook
The health or aberration of the mind.
This woman has a bee in her bonnet—
I never saw her face before—'pon honor—
I never did!

Kate McDonald.

You do deny my knowledge?
O! monster! villain! satire on our race—
Now do I know that hell's a fiction mere,
Or it would gape and swallow you at once!
Did I not read you the Commander's note,
And plan with you the capture of these men?
Did not you see me write reply to him?
Is not your name Latrobe?

Latrobe.

Poor girl! Poor thing!

Kate McDonald.

Judges! I see it all. I'm not insane!
This man was false and I discovered not,
He is foresworn; now let your Commandant
Produce my letter written in reply,
From Canada, to him.

General Crawford.

The Adjutant

Might answer her: Was there a letter, such
As she describes, received?

Commandant.

I think there was none.

But if there were, 'tis nothing to the point.

General Crawford.

Except, that having thus far gone in this,
'Twere better possibly to show her letter,
If such exist—if not, we end the matter.

1st Commissioner.

I do not wish to be detained with this;
I am quite satisfied.

Capt. Van Dyke.

My clerk has found it—
It is responsive to the one she shows,
And notes acceptance of the terms proposed
To save her father.

Latrobe.

What date does it bear?
Let me examine it—'Tis well put up!

[Inspects the letter.]

She's not so crazy as I did suppose!
Its date is three days later than his capture;
'Tis clever—I like sharp practice! ha! ha!

Capt. Van Dyke.

'Tis as she states; our record shows the capture
Was made the twentieth; delivery here
Entered the twenty-second; and its date
The twenty-third.

Kate McDonald.

I do remember now—
'Twas written four days earlier than its date.
Alas! my folly! I can establish it.

General Crawford.

The post-mark shows when sent, and when received.

Bland.

Most honorable Court, and Generals!
Let me relieve your minds of this, at once;
It matters not priority of date,
Or fact or fancy in the circumstance
This lady pleads with so great urgency;
Poor child! she sought to save her father's life,
And fell into the toils of yonder man;
I do not censure her, nor him, nor any:
For all the misadventure of my plans

I blame myself alone: I knew this spy,
And do commend his zeal: he served you well.
But far from me to suffer or to take
Advantage of the covenant here urged;
I do disclaim all benefit from it,
Condemn its morals, and deny its force;
I counted well the cost before I threw,
Nor would I draw the stake I hazarded,
Because the die has gone against me; yet,
I do not think my acts were espionage,
But rather acts of independent war;
Nor have they gone beyond what partisans,
On either side, have practiced heretofore;
And yet it is not numbers give the act
Its hue, nor distance from the seat of war,
Nor danger to the private citizen—
For what is war, but murder legalized?
If I am right, the sentence you have found
Has gone beyond the warrant of your law,
And thus its execution will be MURDER?
But let it pass: I am content to die,
And will not sue for mercy at your hands,
Nor ask for pardon from your President;
Not that I scorn your leniency, nor that
A bravo's spirit fills me with disdain;
But that example pleads so loud with men,
That should I falter at the bar of Death,
Or show reluctance when his summons came,
The martyr-spirit might, perchance, prevail
Less strong among my countrymen at home,
To whom I can bequeath no legacy,
Save that the name of Bland shall shine like light,
High-centered on yon sea-encircled Isle,
A pharos to encourage them to die!
But could I plead effectually for States,
And right, and law, and sovereign liberty,
Then would I sue without regard to form,

Or fear of too much seeming condescension:
Then would I plead, as now I pray to God,
With all the fervor of an earnest heart,
That those great truths for which our fathers
fought

Of equal sovereign dignity in States,
And natural right to change our government,
Should gain new hold upon my countrymen—
Nay, circle wide and wider still, until
The whole world saw them, as they do the spheres,
Revolving with their atmospheres, to make
Eternal music where the fixed stars shine!
—But as it is, there is one favor mere
That you may grant, or I make bold to ask:
Among my men betrayed on Middle-Bass,
There is a beardless youth—one Pennington—
For whom I would engage your sympathy.
Enlisting in the ranks, although a boy,
He met privation as became a man,
And rendered every duty its demand,
Even to daring Death to challenge him
Half-way upon the surging field of fight;
And thus he met a serious wound at Shiloh,
Which has embargoed half his stride for life.
Whate'er of crime there is in this our act,
For which tomorrow he shall stand arraigned,
Is mine entire, and none of it is his!
And so I would entreat you leave its pain,
Its penalty and sanction, all to me!
I found him in his pupil's gown at school,
All full of puns, and crudities of speech,
And such pedantic show of pretty words,
As students, half articulate in speech,
Stake all their reputation on when young.
I fired his fancy with my hopes and aims;
I led him from the paths of light and law—
The porch and grove of old philosophy—

The lecture-bench, and notes of scholiasts—
The heights which science, like a star, illumines—
To take a share with me in dangerous venture,
And now I fain would save him if I could.
Poor boy! His life is in its bud of hope;
But yesterday upon his mother's knee,
He now lies like a pall upon her heart;
I do beseech you spare him if you can!
And in the nearing future, when rough War
Shall r nder up the sceptre to mild Peace,
You may, perchance, regard one act of mercy,
As far more worth than many sealed in blood.
As for myself, what I have said, is said.
I know full well in Whom I put my trust,
And anchored thus, what right have I to fear?
These clanking gyves bring no dismay to me,
But rather, like electric wires that span
A stream, and when the storm arises, fill
The air with music most unearthly sweet,
So do these chains give out a melody
Athwart my life, that soothes me, when I think
Upon the CAUSE for which I suffer them!

Guard. Take him away! Away with him—
away! [Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I.—*A neat front room in a small tenement, immediately on the Hudson, Water Street, New York.*—Present: *Kate McDonald and Judith Vane.*

Kate.

Now, Judie, you must leave me, and go and stay with sister; she needs you more than I.

Judith.

Yes, poor thing, she needs me; but, child, you are not going to stay here alone? No, no, not here alone; if your poor father was alive, poor good gentleman, he would not like me a-leaving her here alone. I remember onst, it was just fernenst the market, on thirteenth—no it was fourteenth—he met me a midday. Ann, she was with me, no it was Jinnie—no as I live it was Ann—

Kate.

Nay, Judie, I prefer to stay—it is so sweet and quiet here; I am not afraid—

Judith.

Indeed, 'twere better you go with me.

Kate.

No, pardon me, but I so much need perfect quiet. Come early in the morning, and you will find all well with me—I hope. [*Aside*] O! forlorn and hopeless hope!

Judith.

Well, if you will stay, then a good night, sweet birdie; take heart my pretty puss. I do not like

to see you looking so wild and pale: 'tis a long road that has no turn; good night, daughter! you must abed early and get your rest; good night! better times will come darling—better times will come—as your poor father onst said—it was a Sunday he said it—a Sunday before Easter Monday—

Kate.

Good night, good mother! I shall be better off in the morning.

Judith.

[Starts but turns back.]

But daughter, had you not better go along with me? Now I think you had better go!

Kate.

No, I'd rather stay, be not uneasy.

Judith.

Well then, a good night, sweetheart; but indeed I've sort o' token that I ought not to leave you; me a turning back, too, and it's bad luck to turn back, but heaven keep my child—good night!

[Kisses her—exit.]

Kate.

Farewell, fond nurse of earlier, happier years!
Take with you all a daughter's gratitude,
And benisons, upon the eve of death!
The work I have in hand tonight is such
As devils would delight—and make the walls
Of hell resound with diabolic mirth!
Am I too far advanced now for retreat?
Oh, would that I knew some philosophy,
Or had been taught religion when a child—!
But can the mummary of priests preserve
The soul, or make our life's attrition less?
There surely must be *some* applanacy,
Or human, or divine—of thought or heart,

Which should, as compass does the mariner,
Direct with certainty our moral course,
'Tis conscience! and I will obey its voice!
I will repent, turn back, and go with Judith.

[*Puts on her hat—hesitates.*]

What matters it—why not complete my role? * *
'Tis safest not—'tis safest to retreat; * *
But fatherless, and loverless—a fool?
A criminal? the murderess of Bland?

[*A knock is heard.*]

Who's there? 'a friend'? come in! or friend or foe!
I am not much concerned for either, now,
But rather desperate for both! come in!
Revenge! revenge! revenge! come in! revenge!

[*Enter Price and Latimer.*]

Good evening friends! you are quite late!

Price.

'Tis nine,
The hour for which appointment called us thither.

Kate.

Is it nine? Yes 'twas nine I said to you,
You come, I hope, prepared?

Latimer.

For anything.

Price.

We got your letter, but delayed reply,
Until we could determine who should come.

Latimer.

The fellow is my victim! I'm the priest
Commissioned to absolve this miscreant;
I did contract with me in Canada
That this Latrobe should die: I did entreat
Of Bland to let us take him off by night,
But he would not consent; said it was murder;
And thus upon the scruple of a life
He lost his own: had he but winked at it,
Had he but bowed through one degree—one minute

Nay one second of a degree, then this
Base spy had died, and Bland been living yet!
What hour has he appointed for his coming?

Kate.

At ten I wrote, but he will be before
That gun which sounded out at one today,
With such emphatic, sullen-sounding throat,
Commanding execution of my friend,
Announced the fate of Bland, and sealed Latrobe's!
Because he had no mercy, let him die!
I heard a spirit charging him to die.
Therefore it was I sent you word to come;
Since he has drawn his ample pay for blood,
His vanity so swells with self-import,
That he will throw aside his wonted care.
His sudden wealth—ill-gotten, as it is,
Has turned his head;—his heart it could not turn.
The day I left the Court he followed me,
And I, perceiving it, allured him hither;
Since when, each day he has passed by the house,
Until, grown bold, he dropt a letter here,
A most unlettered, boorish letter, such
As schoolboys write to barefoot country-girls—
Protesting love, and begging interviews—
That he would all his course explain to me—
That he had loved Bland much, but loved me more.
Then I replied in vague, uncertain terms,
And granted him an interview tonight:
You will conceal yourselves until he comes,
Then follow cautiously, and lock the door,
And when you hear me give the signal, thus—

[Blows a whistle.]

Come in, and do your work—without much noise,
No shots—unless necessity compel.
There is the Hudson! we can hear his plash,
Fretting the piers, from whose solidity

Many a sinful soul, and sinless too,
Has sprung into the darkness which surrounds
The covenant of death and dissolution!

Latimer.

I fear he may not come.

Kate.

I'll answer for
His coming: for the line with which I angled
Was baited with a fly that draws such fish.
Now go! lest he himself resolve your doubts,
Before you are prepared for such solution.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Same place one hour later. Present:*
Kate McDonald and Latrobe.

Latrobe.

Yes, Katie, I have done what you have charged
But all I did was done for love of you—
And never knew I woman yet to bear
Resentment to a man her beauty led
To love not wisely but too well!

Kate.

Your rashness
In love which you profess for me, has been
Of that wise sort that profits more than prudence.

Latrobe.

It happens oft in love, as well as war,
The stroke which startles gains the citadel
Approach more slow would certainly have lost!

Kate.

You think your rashness then has gained my heart?
'Twere easy won to love a murderer!

Latrobe.

Not won, but summoned to capitulate!
By Jove! you should not call me such hard names!
The case stands thus: honor bright, I wished to save

Your father for your sake much more than his;
And if in doing so, I could promote
The Union cause by capturing a rebel,
Why so good—that was my good luck, his bad;
And if moreo'er I could, removing him,
Remove a shade between me and the sun,
All right—no truant lover would do less—
So now I sit before the citadel,
And beg the queen to yield me up the keys,
As mine, by the vicissitudes of War!

Kate.

But then your oath! did not you swear to me,
On bended knees, with face full front on heaven,
With hand upon a symbol which imports
Solemnity as deep as human faith—
Did not you swear you would not harm my friend?

Latrobe.

I was disguised, so too was Bland, your friend;
Our oaths, and promises, were cloaks we wore,
To suit the roles and characters we played;
We changed them as the shifting scenes were
changed;
But now the play is over, you shall see
Me as I am!

Kate.

The play, a tragedy
In its inception and dramatic cast,
A comedy would terminate were I
To end by loving you for what you are!
To end as we began, most tragical,
Were better.

[*A noise is heard without.*]

What noise is without—attend!

Latrobe.

'Tis nothing—market-wagons passing by.
Now, Katie, here is wine! let's pledge each other,
In this assorted juice of ancient grape
For love both present and respectively:

Come Kate! I pledge feudality in this!
[*he drinks.*]

Kate.

*There was a cannon fired today, at one,
From Fort Columbus yonder in the sea;
It did announce, in its rough-bellowing tongue,
The death of Bland, whom you swore to protect;
The death of Pennington, a beardless boy,
Whom but a word from you perchance had saved;
For these I swore you on the cross, and you
Foreswore yourself; I'll swear you now upon
A toy—a little trifle, which I've here—
This ivory whistle— [she blows.]

Will you, by it, swear
That you will ne'er deceive a woman more,
Nor act the spy, not barter human life
For yellow gold, nor swear a soul away?
Methinks this toy will signalize reform
For you, and note the end of villainy.

Latrobe.

Why 'tis a toy— [blows it.]
They use for calling dogs—
Sometimes they come, sometimes they stay away!
Come Kate, more wine! [he drinks.]
It is the cream of life.

Kate—[Aside

'Tis strange they do not come!]
[Touches the wine with her lips]

Here's to the good health of your soul and mine!

Latrobe.

Well love's the soul of health, *ergo* it is
The health of souls; so here's to merry love!
You look uneasy, Kate—what is the matter?
I hope there's nothing gone awry of pith
And moment, as Shakespeare prescribes in Hamlet

*A signal for the execution by hanging.

One drink of old Falernian more and then
We shall be ripe for courting.

[*He drinks, Kate blows the whistle.*]

—What again?

Why Kate, you waste your breath, my pretty one!
You blew and blew, and echo answers blue.
The thing was well put up, but then, you see,
Hail-fire! the lowest cob rolled out of place—
Down went your nice cob house, as I upset
This chair!

Kate.

] *Aside* They do not come! My God! what now!]

[*Aloud*—I do not comprehend your meaning, Sir!

Latrobe.

O! Katie, Katie! did you think Latrobe
So young a sparrow that he could be 'croaked'
By dropping table-salt upon his tail?
Now listen, Kate, for you are fairly caught;
I did suspicion you and brought with me
Some 'body-snatchers,' as the 'cracks' call them,
And stationed five of these judicial friends,
As you may call them—'cops'—in other words,
And seeing two stout 'pals' disgorge from out
Your outer door I put the 'shadows' on them:
The noise you heard was but the fragile spring
Of my sure cats upon your little mice!
They're gobbled, Katie—gobbled! Naught re-
mains

For you but yielding now to tender love!
For honest now, and honor bright, I love you!

Kate.

Then in bright honor leave me!

Latrobe.

No, not I,

Until I have you pledged to marry me!

Kate.

I marry you! O, devil's henchman, fresh

From his instructions in malevolence,
Until your rivalry excels his art,
I would as lief go wed the rattlesnake,
And toy and fondle with his horny rings,
And hold reception in a den of them,
To feast on lizards, toads and scorpions,
As marry such a murderer as you!

Latrobe.

Is that your game! You do not know how sweet
You are, my pretty pet! The guardian knot
I can't untie by fair approach, I must
Unlock by foul!

You said in your sweet note to me, my dear,
This was a quiet retired place—all sound
Within, drowned by the river's noise without.
Now think on this, and be more modified—
More sweet, by Jove!

Kate.

Away! I fear you not!
Wretch, begone! I beg you leave me!

Latrobe.

Not I!

Ha! pretty one! in Canada you said
Should I catch Bland and save your father
I should have my reward; I did my part;
I could not keep the breath in Roland's corpse.
Why blame me then? Come Kate, it is unfair!
[*He approaches her.*]

Kate.

Stand back! if you *will* have reward, then take it!
[*Stabs him.*]

Latrobe.

O God! you've killed me, Kate! I did not think—
It is the end. I fall— [Dies.]

Kate.

There let you lie!

Though spouting from your wound a stream of
blood

Bedew me with its crimson-flowing drops—
I glory in them like the thirsty earth,
When the warm showers of Spring descend and
wake

The flowers to unfold their tender buds!
You clamored for reward, and now you have it!

'*O! God,*'—and if perchance there be a God,
Distinct from matter, and supreme above,
May he have mercy on your recreant soul!
And that there is a God, the vilest wretch
Upon the eve of death, hath intimations,
Unrecognized before, supreme at last,

And powerful to aid those whom He will!
The few alone, are they his care, this God—
Or does He will all souls which He creates
To bloom celestial in their native Heaven?

Ah! I would ask for pardon too, if I
But knew whose pardon to propitiate!
But in the vast and dark abyss of death,
I see but void and apprehensive ill; * *
And thou—my own, my beautiful, my hero,
Whose spirit, like a sword-flash, leapt the gulf
Today at one; the noblest, purest man,
That I have been vouchsafed on earth to know,
If there be retribution, plead for me!

For I am with thee, ere I learn a prayer!
I come—behold I come! a virgin soul,
As pure in act, if not in thought, as thou
Couldst wish, or any holy spirit would.
And father—for whose sake the world grew small
Like city-spires to fast receding seamen,
As I retreated from the peaceful land
Of life—receive thy daughter once again!
This world is shelterless, and waste without thee!
Here is the link shall reunite our souls!

Long have I kept thee with me, fatal poison,
Whose drops of death are sweet elixir now!
Oh how I thank thee, bane, that peacefully,
And without marring what I'm told is fair—
A temple fitly framed and beautiful,
That was not built for violence—I may
Smile on the sorrows which have made me weep—
Resign this burden, and lie down to sleep!

[Takes poison and dies.]

NOTE

Of the three dramas here given two are now published for the first time. *THE MAID OF NORTHUMBERLAND* appeared in 1884, (Putnam) and was favorably received. In the first manuscript it was perhaps more appropriately entitled "The Blockade Runner."

The intimate association of the author with Captain John Yates Beall, Confederate hero and martyr, doubtless supplied the knowledge of Privateering and Blockade Running, upon which this story is based; while *KATE McDONALD* is very apparently drawn from certain historic facts connected with the capture and execution of Mr. Beall in New York, in 1865. The noble character of Carter Bland has Beall for prototype; and "Pennington," originally "Kennedy," is of course the Southern boy soldier who actually betrayed Beall.

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